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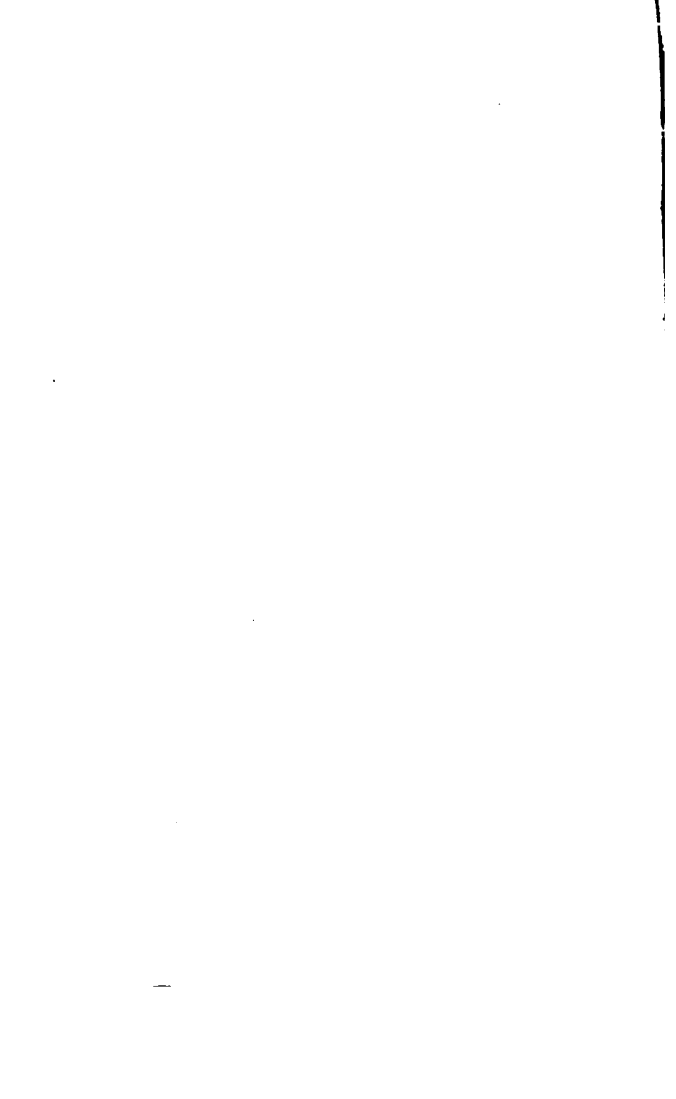
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THE  
RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL  
INFLUENCE  
OF  
EDUCATED AND UNEDUCATED  
FEMALES.

BY MISS DAPHNE S. GILES,  
Of Ann Arbor, Washtenaw Co. Mich.

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. SERENO HOWE.

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Boston :  
J. HOWE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.  
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1849.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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The object of the following remarks is rather to introduce to the reader the authoress of this book, than to enlarge upon its theme. We wish to know something of the person who is presenting thoughts to our minds, especially if the exhibition of those thoughts is attended with peculiar difficulties.— Doubtless all who read the ensuing pages will feel a deepened interest when they know that the obstacles in the way of their preparation were such as probably few would have overcome. The writer has not beheld the glorious light for more than twenty years.

Miss GILES was born in New Haven, Vt., October 2, 1812, and passed her youth without incidents, necessary to mention, until at the age of fourteen, disease laid the foundation of such misfortune as bows the strongest heart. She had looked, for the last time, upon creation. The aid of the most enlight-

ened medical skill was sought, but in vain. The eyes were too far impaired to permit the hope of recovery. She was consigned to "ever-during dark." This fact gives her a special claim upon the sympathies, and kind offices of all. The reader is not, however, to consider her as destitute of the means of happiness. In youth, she sought and found that peace which the world cannot give, and which the severest troubles cannot tear away. She was awakened to view her lost condition, and, with joy, received Christ, as the light which cheers with more than sun-beam brightness. Religion has been her comfort, when the world has been dark and cold.

In more mature life, she enjoyed those advantages, which benevolent ingenuity has provided for giving the blind an education, which in other days, it was thought impossible, for them to obtain. She was connected with the Institution for the Blind in New York city, where she acquired that knowledge which has been, to her, the source of much enjoyment, and has enabled her to spread out before the world her views of truth.



This is not the first time, that Miss GILES has appeared as an authoress. Many of her poetical effusions have appeared in the public journals. Some years since these were collected and printed, with some other poems; the whole comprising a volume of one hundred and seventy pages. The sale of this production has been the source of essential pecuniary aid, and it is to be hoped, that the present attempt to be useful, to others, may not be fruitless in supplying the wants of the writer.

The present volume is the result of much labor, and is, to its writer, the subject of much solicitude. Only a sightless author can comprehend the hopes and fears which cluster around it. It was dictated to an amanuensis, and must go to the press without that personal revision, generally deemed indispensable. Yet to her, whose anxieties with reference to this production are keenly awake, the reflection is full of comfort, that the eye of kindness will look upon her work, and that the circumstances under which it has been written, will not be forgotten. If any, whose occupation, or disposition incline them to play the

critic, should look upon this book, let them remember, that here is not fitting occasion for the exercise of their peculiar functions.

The subject of this work, it need not be said, possesses vital interest. It commends itself to the attentive consideration of every reader. Her true position has been too generally denied to woman, yet her influence has ever been felt as one of the most efficient instrumentalities in moulding mind, and giving character to successive generations.—Without further remark, the following work and its authoress are, with much pleasure, commended to the Christian community, and to the kind regards of all.

SERENO HOWE.

*Hingham, Mass., Jan., 1849.*





# INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.

## CHAPTER I.

Females possess a most conspicuous station and commanding influence in every branch of society ; and, by Revelation, the woman is strikingly designated "an helpmeet" for man. Yea, like man, she has a soul of infinite value, and was created for the glory of God, and the enjoyment of him forever.

The holy Scriptures, and other historic pages, contain many beautiful miniature portraits of great and good females, whose characters are written in the annals of deathless fame, and whose redeemed, purified, and glorified persons, now shine as the sun in the firmament of heaven.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women decide its morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of the passions. But this influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them. Whether they are idols or companions, courtesans, slaves or beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make their companions such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected man's intelligence with their dignity, as he connects

his happiness with their virtue. This, therefore, is the law of eternal Justice—man cannot degrade woman without falling himself into degradation—he cannot raise her without becoming better.

Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe these two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under a load of barbarous civilization; women are slaves. The other half advance towards freedom and light; the women there are loved and honored. It requires a pen almost omniferous to delineate her powers, together with her almost unbounded influence.

This subject is one of so great magnitude, that I shrink from the task. It requires the talents of a gigantic mind to do it justice. In viewing the vast chain now before me, and counting its numerous links, I am led with the prophet to exclaim, O, wheel! The mysterious revolvings of the machine filled the good man's mind with wonder and admiration. No subject is fraught with more interest than the one before us. Mind cannot be brought in contact with mind without leaving a lasting impression. The height, depth, length and breadth of female influence, educated or uneducated, can scarcely be glanced at in one small volume. It would require the utmost stretch of the mind, the loftiest flight of the imagination, to trace it through the various ramifications

of Society. The spiritual and temporal welfare of nations is blended in the education of their females as their influence has been exerted in a greater or less degree, since the time when she basked in the smiles of her God, in the garden of Eden. We can there see her in her primeval innocence with mental powers unimpaired by sin, thirsting to drink deeper and deeper from the inexhaustible fountain of knowledge, until she reached beyond the lawful bounds of finite mind, and blunted her once untrammelled intellect. Although she has fallen from those towering heights, she has not lost, in any degree, the ambition that first inspired her.

He who sees the end from the beginning saw the necessity of the improvement of such a mind. If this had not been so, he would not, while standing but one step from the throne of heaven, have said "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Go, and you shall move under the shield of Omnipotence; "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Thus taking the whole responsibility of success upon himself, his last act was to bless and dismiss them to their work; and the last impression he left upon their minds, was, that they held in trust the conveyance of the gospel to all mankind.

Surely men never were honored with a commission so important, or entrusted with an enterprise so

glorious. The apostles felt this, and in the spirit of the command, they went forth and toiled amid perils and persecutions, until called to their reward. The command is still in force, but so dilatory has the church been, that although eighteen centuries have glided by, it is yet unfulfilled. What shall this generation of Christians do? The facilities for accomplishing these glorious purposes were never so great before, and they are daily increasing. God seems to be saying to the church anew, Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, shake thyself from the dust. The churches of America compose a very important part of the machine that is to carry the truths of the everlasting gospel to every nation, kindred and tongue under heaven. Where is the lever to set the machine in motion, and in whom is there sufficient strength? It is in Zion's sisterhood. He who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast, has now laid his hand upon her. Go, exert your unbounded influence over every nation, kindred and tongue. Tell heathen mothers of Him, who spake as never man spake; of Him, who has said, unless ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. When they learn the worth of this intrinsic truth, they will be capable of training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The rise and fall of kingdoms, together with social

and domestic happiness, are materially affected by the influence of those who are often termed the "weaker vessels." We will turn for a moment to those nations, whose females are uneducated. Look to Africa, with her ninety millions of degraded and benighted inhabitants. The account of modern historians of their females, is truly appalling. Samuel Mills, in his brief account of Africa, speaks of the degraded state of her females. He, with others, declares it baffles all description. It is admitted generally, though not by all, that they possess minds susceptible of cultivation. Could they inhale the balmy breeze of civilization, and drink of the gushing, sparkling fountain of knowledge, they would not sit day after day under their palm trees, indulging in practices that are calculated to sink and demoralize them as a nation. No, reader, they would not. Behold the contrast. - You would see them elevated to their proper station. Their homes, which are now the seats of filth and discord, would become the abodes of order, neatness and harmony; while, instead of the expressionless face, and vacant stare, intelligence and beauty would be enstamped upon their countenance. Then they, with us, could sing, making melody in their hearts, "Home, sweet Home, there is no place like Home." The mother who hesitates not to sell her daughters into the hands of those who fear not God, nor regard man, would then

lead them in the paths of virtue and holiness. And instead of the harsh tones and barbarous commands, would be heard the mild and soothing voice of a mother's gentle entreaty. Her own example is now calculated to sink her family in unfathomable depths of vice and wickedness. I repeat it again, educate the African female, and that which is now so revolting to the refined mind, will be known no more.— Their government, yea, even their religion will be changed, and the virtuous will no longer shrink from sketching their history. You may ask, who is to bring about this important change? I would answer, "The arm of God is not shortened, that it cannot save; nor his ear heavy, that he cannot hear." He has chosen, and will choose the weak and timid female, with an enlightened mind, to bring about the desired reformation.

But Africa is not alone suffering for the want of proper female influence. We find even in Burmah, with her two millions of inhabitants, an almost entire destitution of intellectual culture. Although not as degraded as the Africans, still they are enveloped in the mystic clouds of Paganism. Although century after century has rolled away, neither the light of literature and science, nor the elevating truths of the gospel have been permitted to dispel their darkness.

In conversation with Mrs. Brown, formerly of Burmah, now of Assam, I learned that the Burmans



considered their females destitute of souls. They are not allowed] to receive the least literary instruction; are but partially clothed, while their habits are filthy and unbecoming. They have a blind devotion to their husbands, which, among the Africans is unknown. I refer to Africa, because her daughters are more oppressed than any other with whom history is acquainted. The influence of Burman mothers over their children, especially over their sons, forges the domestic chain with which they have been so long bound. They are often cruelly beaten, and kept in such brutal tyranny, that a sullen gloom is depicted in every feature of the countenance, and hatred and revenge take the place of filial affection. **This cruelty**, that is exercised over them, springs from the want of maternal kindness. The great change that has been wrought in them through the instrumentality of our missionaries, is a proof of this, for they there shine like diamonds amid the ruins of an overwhelming avalanche. Before Christianity was introduced among them, there was scarcely any thing to encourage their females. Mrs. Judson's description of them must excite to renewed efforts in their behalf. I say efforts, for our mental and physical powers must be brought to bear upon this important work. And both of these, this female veteran brought into the field, not only then, but now, white with the harvest. **During the war between Great Britain and Bur-**

mah, the salutary influence that she exerted over the Judge of the North Gate is well known to those who are acquainted with its history. The decree had gone forth that every man that wore a hat should be beheaded. Among the English prisoners were the American missionaries, Dr. Judson and his fellow laborer, Dr. Price. The prayers and the tears of Mrs. Judson melted the heart of the heathen officer. She returned to her bamboo shed, that she had erected near the prison gates, where she spent a sleepless night in incessant supplication to that God, who alone could change the will of the iron-hearted heathen. Unknown to her, they were reprieved, and carried away captive.

Where will the political and religious influence of this godlike woman end. Though her dust now sleeps beneath the Hopia tree, and strangers shed their tears over her grave, as a tribute of respect to her memory, the character of numberless souls yet unborn will be beautified by her hallowed efforts.

At Cincinnati, May 21, 1847, I listened to an interesting address from Rev. Mr. Abbott, of Arracan, delivered at the anniversary of the Missionary Union, in which he spoke of Miss Macomber, with whom I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. Mr. Abbott said he had no idea of speaking, but as he was invited, he was willing to speak. A remark of one of the speakers had awakened a thought. The

figure of a target had been used. And conscience was one, and the heart of woman another, at which he might aim. What, said he, is a woman not capable of doing? Some time ago, a female made application to the Board, and went out alone as a missionary to Burmah. She commenced the study of the language, and in six months learned to speak it so as to hold intelligible communications with the natives, and commenced laboring with the Pgho Karens, who at this time had no written language. She then took with her a Burmese convert, a native teacher, and two or three native girls, and went up into the woods thirty miles to Domain, a place containing as many drunkards and thieves as any other.

She obtained a house, and commenced laboring among them, but was grossly insulted, and they burned her house down. She, however, still persevered in her labors, and began to make some impression on the people; and among them was the wife of the chief of the village, who embraced the gospel. Her husband was pre-eminent among the drunkards, and in all wickedness. She tried to get his wife to talk with him; but she said, if she should say a word to him about drinking, he would beat her. Go, and talk with him then about Jesus, she said, and if that will not reclaim him, nothing will. She accordingly went, and the narration of the Saviour's sufferings for poor sinners broke him down, and very soon he

became obedient to the faith. One year after, the whole village was reformed, and the chief was the deacon of the church. Drunkenness and theft were abandoned, and the whole complexion of this forbidding place was thus changed through the instrumentality of a single devoted woman. She afterwards fell a victim to the jungle fever; but she was so greatly beloved, that the native converts erected a monument to her memory.

I was informed by Mrs. Osgood, that after she was attacked by the fever, she was brought to her house at Rangoon, accompanied by fourteen of the native converts, expressing the deepest solicitude for her recovery. When it was told them she could survive but a few days, they seemed almost inconsolable. She was able to converse with them, till a few moments before she expired, exhorting them to be faithful in their labors to evangelize their countrymen. When she left Burmah, she had not heard of one of them apostatizing from the faith. Mrs. Osgood, the wife of Rev. Mr. Thomas, was cut down by a mysterious Providence, when in sight of the field where she expected to spend and be spent for the salvation of immortal souls.

Soon after the arrival of Rev. Mr. Kincaid, I listened to an address from him, in which he spoke of the Burman females. Though his description was brief, I was made deeply to feel that their happiness

and prosperity depended on maternal influence. The uneducated mother, as she dandles her infant, has no conception of the responsibility that rests upon her; no thought that she is moulding a character either for time or eternity; neither is she able to discover the first dawnings of intellect, as the mind begins to expand and exhibit to view its native beauty and loveliness. Alas! while in infancy her examples are like the poisonous blasts that come from the Upas tree. I asked Mrs. Brown, of Assam, in a missionary meeting, relative to the chastity of their females. She paused, and then answered with deep emotion, it is unknown among them. At these words, the congregation seemed horror struck, and a death-like silence reigned. She proceeded: "We are, ladies, alone, and I will tell you some of their heathenish practices." They are so brutal, that modesty forbids my recording them. One especially, practised by mothers with their infants, being so devilish, I was led to ask my own heart, Have they souls that are immortal? The powers of darkness combined, could not have invented a practice more completely calculated to poison the moral fountain, than the one above referred to. I have never heard of any thing in the history of heathen mothers, that was so revolting. If she is pleased, it is only from a sensual and degraded view of the being she loves. She cannot lead it in the path of virtue, for to this she is

herself a stranger. If she attempts to point out to it the beauties of nature, even in this she fails, for she is unacquainted with their Author. Therefore, it is impossible for her to "look from nature up to nature's God." Is it not strange, that a being so degraded, should exert so great an influence !

Some of America's most devoted and enlightened females have taken their lives in their hands, leaving kindred and country, and the comforts of civilization, enduring the perils of the deep, that they might bear to Burman mothers that knowledge that would make them wise unto salvation. Among these was Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, whose brief obituary we here present to the reader.

"SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON was born at Alstead, in the State of New Hampshire, November 4, 1803. She was the eldest child of Ralph and Abiah Hall, who still survive her, and are, at present, living in Skeneateles, in the State of New York. While Sarah was but a child, her parents removed from Alstead to Danvers, and subsequently to Salem, in the State of Massachusetts ; in the latter place she received her education, and continued to reside until she was married to Rev. George Dana Boardman, July 4, 1825, with whom she embarked in the same month for the East Indies, to join the American missionaries in Burmah. After residing some time at Calcutta, and at Maulmain, they settled in Tavoy,

April 1, 1828. During her residence in Calcutta and Tavoy, she had three children, of whom only one, George Dana Boardman, Jr., born August 18, 1828, survives her. She lost her husband February 11, 1831, and was married again to Adoniram Judson, of Maulmain, April 10, 1834. At Maulmain she became the mother of eight children, of whom four survive her. After the birth of her last child, in December, 1844, she was attacked with a chronic disease, from which she had suffered much in the early part of her missionary life. When in the progress of the disease, it became evident that nothing but a long voyage and an entire change of climate could save her life, she embarked, with her husband and three elder children, for the United States, April 26, 1845. The voyage was at first attended with encouraging results, but finally proved unavailing, and she departed this life on ship-board, in the port of St. Helena, September 1, 1845.

Like multitudes in the highly favored land of her nativity, the subject of this notice was blessed with early religious advantages ; and in her youth became the subject of serious impressions. When about sixteen years of age, during a revival of religion in Salem, she entertained a hope, received baptism at the hands of her pastor, Rev. Dr. Bolles, and became a member of his church. Her religious attainments, however, were not of a distinguished order ; and

though her amiable disposition and her deep interest in missions, especially after her acquaintance with Mr. Boardman, gave her an elevated tone of character, she subsequently felt that, at that period, she hardly deserved the name of a sincere Christian. And it was not until she was called to part with her eldest child, at Tavoy, in 1829, and to pass through scenes of great danger and suffering, during the Tavoy rebellion, that she was enabled to live a life of faith on the Son of God.

"Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
That brings near to Jesus' feet."

In regard to her missionary qualifications and labors, I may state, that she applied herself with great assiduity to the study of the Burmese language; and in conversation, prayer, and writing, acquired an uncommon degree of correctness, fluency and power. She was in the habit of conducting a prayer meeting of the female members of the church every week, and also another meeting for the study of the Scriptures. Her acquaintance with, and attachment to the Burmese Bible, was rather extraordinary. She professed to take more pleasure, and derive more profit from the perusal of that translation, than from the English; and to enjoy preaching in the native chapel more than in any other. Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress, Part I, into Burmese, is one of the best pieces of composition which we have



yet published. Her translation of Mr. Boardman's "Dying Father's Advice," has become one of our standard tracts; and her hymns in Burmese, about twenty in number, are, probably, the best in our Chapel Hymn Book—a work which she was appointed by the mission to edit. Besides these works, she published four volumes of Scripture questions, which are in constant use in our Sabbath Schools. The last work of her life, and one which she accomplished in the midst of overwhelming family cares, and under the pressure of declining health, was a series of Sunday Cards, each accompanied with a short hymn adapted to the leading subject of the card.

Beside her acquaintance with the Burmese language, she had, in past years, when there was no missionary in the Peguan departments, acquired a competent knowledge of that language, and translated, or superintended the translation of the New Testament, and the principal Burmese tracts into Peguan. But when a missionary was appointed to that department, she transferred her work to him, and gladly confined herself to the Burmese. Something also might be said with regard to her labors in the Karen wilderness, East of Tavoy, especially during the years of her widowhood, when she had made toilsome journeys among the mountains, sometimes amid drenching rains, and always with many privations; and where, notwithstanding she was

wholly opposed to the principle of females acting the part of ministers, she was frequently obliged to conduct worship in the Karen assemblies.

Her bereaved husband is more desirous of bearing this testimony to her various attainments, her labors and her works, from the fact that her own unobtrusive and retiring disposition always led her to seek the shade, as well as from the fact that she was often brought into comparison with one whose life and character were uncommonly interesting and brilliant. The memoir of his first beloved wife has been long before the public. It is, therefore, most gratifying to his feelings to be able to say in truth, that the subject of this notice was in every point of natural excellence, the worthy successor of ANN H. JUDSON. He constantly thanks God that he has been blest with two of the best of wives ; he deeply feels that he has not improved those rich blessings as he ought ; and it is most painful to reflect, that from the peculiar pressure of the missionary life, he has sometimes failed to treat those dear beings with that consideration, attention, and kindness, which their situation in a foreign, heathen land, ever demanded.

But to show the grateful and forgiving disposition of the subject of this brief sketch, and somewhat to elucidate her character, he would add, that a few days before her death, he called her children to her bedside, and said in their hearing, "I wish, my love,

to ask pardon for every unkind word or deed of which I have ever been guilty. I feel that I have, in many instances, failed of treating you with that kindness and affection which you have deserved." "O," said she, "you will kill me, if you talk so; it is I that should ask pardon of you, and I only want to get well, that I may have an opportunity of making some return for all your kindness, and of showing you how much I love you."

This recollection of her dying bed, leads me to say a few words relative to the closing scenes of her life. After her prostration at the Isle of France, where we spent three weeks, there remained but little hope of her recovery. Her hope had been long fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she had been in the habit of contemplating death as neither distant nor undesirable. As it drew near, she remained perfectly tranquil; no shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing preference to depart and be with Christ. "I am longing to depart," and "what can I want besides?" quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, she thought of her native land, to which she was approaching, after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul,

and constrained her to say, "I am in a strait betwixt two, let the will of God be done."

In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation, so much so that I was once induced to say, "You seem to have forgotten the dear little ones we have left behind." "Can a mother forget?" she replied, and was unable to proceed. During her last days, she spent much time in praying for the early conversion of her children. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads.

On our passage homeward, as the strength of Mrs. Judson gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea; but it was so ordered, in Divine Providence, that when the indications of approaching death had become strongly marked, the ship came to anchor in the port of St. Helena. For three days she continued to sink rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. Her mind became liable to wandering, but a single word was sufficient to recall and steady her recollections. On the evening of the 31st of August, she appeared to be drawing near to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavoring to administer relief to the distressed body, and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning,

wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention and said "Do you still love the Saviour?" "O, yes," she replied, "I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ." I said again, "Do you still love me?" She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expression of her own. "Then give me one more kiss;" and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed—life continued to recede—and she ceased to breathe. For a moment, I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her for the last time, in the drapery of death; and being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around their dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries.

In the course of the day, a coffin was procured from the shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the Colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful, shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon,

who had died in similar circumstances, on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited ; and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of Grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and her spirit the repose of paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts ; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board the ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning, no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow ; but the promises of the gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and I anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and at St. Helena.

I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft, blue eye, her mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvass. They must soon pass away from the memory even of her children ; but they will remain forever enshrined in her husband's heart."

"She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean,  
Away from the home of her youth;  
And far from the land, where, with heart-felt devotion,  
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

## BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON,

AT ST. HELENA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1845.

BY H. S. WASHBURN.

Mournfully, tenderly,  
Bear onward the dead,  
Where the Warrior was lain,  
Let the Christian be laid;  
No place more befitting,  
O, Rock of the sea!  
Never such a treasure  
Was hidden in thee.

Mournfully, tenderly,  
Solemn and slow—  
Tears are bedewing  
The path, as ye go;  
Kindred and strangers  
Are mourners to-day;—  
Gently—so, gently,—  
O, bear her away.

Mournfully, tenderly,  
Gaze on that brow;  
Beautiful is it  
In quietude now!  
One look! and then settle  
The loved to her rest,  
The ocean beneath her,  
The turf on her breast.

So have ye buried her—  
Up!—and depart,  
To life and to duty,  
With undismayed heart!  
Fear not; for the love  
Of the stranger will keep  
The casket that lies  
In the Rock of the deep.

Peace, peace to thy bosom,  
Thou servant of God!  
The vale thou art treading  
Thou hast before trod:  
Precious dust thou hast laid  
By the Hopia tree,  
And treasure as precious  
In the Rock of the sea.

## A TRIBUTE.

OFF ST. HELENA, AUGUST, 1846.

BY THE PRESENT MRS. JUDSON.

Blow softly gales! a tender sigh,  
Is flung upon your wing;  
Loose not the treasure, as ye fly,  
Bear it where love and beauty lie,  
Silent and withering.

Blow gently, waves! a tear is laid  
Upon your heaving breast;  
Leave it within yon dark rock's shade,  
Or weave it in an iris braid,  
To crown the Christian's rest.



Bloom, ocean-isle! lone ocean-isle!  
Thou keep'st a jewel rare;  
Let rugged rock and dark defile,  
Above the slumbering stranger smile,  
And deck her couch with care.

Weep, ye bereaved! a dearer head  
Ne'er left the pillowing breast;  
The good, the pure, the lovely fled,  
When, mingling with the shadowy dead  
She meekly went to rest.

Mourn, Burmah, mourn! a bow which spanned  
Thy cloud, has passed away;  
A flower has withered on thy sand,  
A pitying spirit left thy strand;  
A saint has ceased to pray.

Angels, rejoice! another string  
Has caught the strains above;  
Rejoice, rejoice! a new-fledged wing  
Around the throne is hovering,  
In sweet, glad, wondering love,

Blow, blow, ye gales! wild billows roll!  
Unfurl the canvass wide!  
On! where she labored lies our goal;—  
Weak, timid, frail, yet would my soul  
Fain be to hers allied.

Let me present the reader some of those deeply affecting remarks, made by Rev. Mr. Abbott, at the missionary meeting before referred to, to which I listened; and which produced the gushings of strong sympathy throughout the vast assembly; few could

repress their tears. There were two thoughts, he said, which struck his attention. The first was, the report which had just been read by the Corresponding Secretary, comes as an appeal—an appeal which has been reiterated by the missionaries, and has been re-echoed from the graves of the dead. Will this appeal be as other appeals? Will it die away as an echo? This is not the first day they have been uttered. What shall be the result? Sister Brown, from Assam, shall she return home without an assistant? Shall Arracan be left desolate? Shall others remain also without aid? The voice of God is heard indeed from the graves of the dead. It was supposed there would be retrenchment. God has made provision for this himself. If we go to Assam, there is the grave of Thomas. If we go from thence to Arracan, there lies Comstock, and there lies his dear companion and their babes. At Amherst is seen the spot where the first Mrs. Judson was laid, and at the Island of St. Helena, the second. The tombs of several others are found in Burmah. There is Mrs. Mason in Tavoy, and Mrs. Jones in Siam; and then in China, we shall find Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Shuck and Mrs. Devan, who have closed up their labors. God has taken the matter in hand, and spared you the necessity of a reduction. The missionaries that remain, what shadows they are! They are old men in the prime of life! Here is Br. Day, an evidence of

it. He is but the wreck of a man, and expects to return, if God spares his life.

A word in relation to Ramree. Mr. and Mrs. Comstock labored there for several years, and but one convert was the result; but their influence was felt throughout the entire population. Their confidence in idols, was greatly shaken, and they were ready to cast them away, though they had not embraced the gospel. The labors of missionaries are but imperfectly understood, except by those on the ground. The missionaries and their wives have an almost insupportable burden. I have had twenty-two men sick at my house at one time. The wives are called, "Ma-ma," by the natives, and they become the doctors and nurses of women, and sometimes of the men likewise; and constant appeals are made to the "ma-mas" for prescriptions and medicines. They sit down by the women while they nurse them, and read to them, and instruct them in the way of life.

Thus it was with sister Comstock year after year in Ramree—and she died. When the news was spread abroad, the lamentation of thousands of females, who had shared in her benevolence and generous instructions, were heard around her remains. They would weep and wail as though they had lost a mother indeed. Brother Comstock stood up in the moral dignity of the Christian, and committed the

remains of his deceased wife to the tomb. Though but few converts had professed Christ during the period of their labors, the results were beginning to be manifest. Brother Comstock informed him but a short time before his death, that he expected shortly to have a church of forty members. But the blessed expectation was never realized. It was not long after his wife's departure, that he himself was laid in the grave; and more than three years have elapsed, and that station still remains desolate, and he now appealed in the name of the sainted Comstock, in behalf of the people of Arracan. I can go back alone, and labor alone; this is not a strange thing; I have labored alone before. But as I return to Ramree, I shall pass the chapel and habitation of brother Comstock, and see them without occupants, except the owl and the bat, and going to decay. A melancholy sight! Shall it continue to remain so? I am thankful that the responsibility rests not on me.

The following is from the Michigan Christian Herald:

When Rev. Mr. Kincaid, the missionary, was about to return for a season to his native country, the Rev. Mr. Comstock sent his two children by him to America, to be educated, and placed beyond all heathen influence. Mrs. Comstock bade her children farewell at the house, being too unwell to go to the ship. Mr. C. parted with them on the deck.

The quivering lip and snowy paleness that mantled his face, were the only heralds of the agony which rested in the chambers of the soul at that dreadful hour. The last words he uttered to Mr. Kincaid, were, "tell our brethren in America, six men for Arracan." The Christian heroism displayed in these words, suggested the following lines, by Thurber.

**"SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN."**

The mother stamped a burning kiss  
Upon each little brow,  
So dear a sacrifice as this,  
She'd never made till now ;

Go, go, my babes, the Sabbath bell  
Will greet ye o'er the sea ;  
I 've bid my idol one's farewell,  
For Thee, my God, for Thee.

But off they 'd gone—those little ones—  
I saw them gaily trip,  
And chatter on in merry tones,  
To see the gallant ship.

The stricken sire—he 'd often drank,  
Sad draughts at duty's beck,  
He leads them calmly o'er the plank,  
And stands upon the deck.

As pale as polished Parian stones,  
As white as Arctic snows,  
Beside those young and cherished ones  
The stricken father bows.

He breathes one prayer—he prints one kiss,  
And turns him towards the shore—

He 'd felt, till now, the babes were his,  
But they were his no more.

The silken ties, more strong than death,  
That bound their hearts, was riven,  
And floating on an angel's breath,  
Rose up and clung to heaven.

Why lingers he upon the shore?  
Why turns he towards the deck?  
Perhaps, to say farewell, once more,  
Perhaps one look to take.

O! no, but calm as angels now,  
That kneel before the throne,  
Where thousand times ten thousand bow,  
And say, "Thy will be done."

He said, my brother, when ye stand  
Beyond the raging deep,  
In that delightful, happy land,  
Where all our fathers sleep;

When you shall hear their Sabbath bells,  
Call out their happy throngs,  
And hear the organ's solemn swell,  
And Zion's sacred songs,

Tell them a herald far away,  
Where midnight broods o'er man,  
Bade ye this solemn message say,  
"Six men for Arracan."

While in that happy land of theirs,  
They feast on blessings given,  
And genial suns and healthful airs  
Come speeding fresh from Heaven,

Tell them that near your idol dome,  
There dwells a lonely man,  
Who bade ye take this message home,  
"Six men for Arracan."

Sweet home—ah, yes! I know how sweet,  
Within my country, thou,  
I 've known what heart-felt pleasure meet,  
I 've felt, and feel them now.

Well, in those lively scenes of bliss,  
Where childhood's joys began,  
I 'd have ye, brother, tell them this,  
"Six men for Arracan."

O! when the saint lies down to die,  
And friendship round him stands,  
And faith directs his tearless eye,  
To fairer, happier lands—

How calm he bids poor earth adieu!  
With all, most dear below!  
The spirit sees sweet home in view,  
And plumes her wings to go.

Stop, dying saint—O! linger yet,  
And cast one thought on man—  
Be this the last that you forget,  
"Six men for Arracan."

## HINDOSTAN.

'The "sacred books" of Hindostan, whose precepts sway the minds of its one hundred millions of inhabitants, speak thus :—"In every stage of life, woman is created to obey. At first, she yields obedience to

her father and mother. When married, she submits to her husband. In old age, she must be ruled by her children. During her life, she can never be under her own control. Women have no business with the text of the Veda. Having, therefore, no evidence of law, and no knowledge of expiatory texts, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself." Such sentiments are not confined to the pages of their "sacred books." They live in the heart, and govern the life of every Hindoo. Take the Hindoo mother as she stands upon the shores of the Ganges, and with a steady hand throws her infant offspring into its dark waters, to become the food of crocodiles! and then casts herself beneath the ponderous wheels of Jugernaut—or lays herself on the funeral pile of her husband, while the smoke of her torment ascends, to be borne away upon the wings of the wind, which seem impregnated with crimes of the darkest dye.

The following circumstance took place about twenty miles North of Calcutta, on the 18th day of March, 1813, and was communicated to Mr. Ward, a Baptist missionary at Serampore, by Captain Kemp, an eye witness of the scene. "On Thursday last, at nine in the morning, one of our best workmen, who had been sick but a short time, was brought down to the river side to expire. He was placed, as is customary, on the bank, and a consultation was held respecting



the time when he would die. The astrologer predicted, that his dissolution was near. The sick man was then immersed up to the middle in the river, and kept there for some time. But death not being so near as was predicted, he was again placed upon the bank, extended at full length, and exposed to a hot sun, where he continued through the day; except only at those intervals, when it was supposed that he was dying, and when he was again immersed in the sacred stream. I visited him in the evening, and found him to be sensible, but without the power of utterance. He was, however, able to make signs with his hands, that he did not wish to drink the water of the river, which they were continually pouring into his mouth, by means of a small shell. He remained in this situation during the night; and in the morning, the immersions again commenced, and were continued at intervals, until about five in the evening, when he expired—or, more properly speaking, was murdered. His wife, a young woman about sixteen years of age, hearing of his death, came to the desperate resolution of being buried alive with the corpse. She was accompanied by her friends to the beach, where the body lay; and here a small branch of mango was presented to her, which, having accepted, she could not retreat.

I went to her, and questioned her with respect to the act she was about to perform. I spoke also to

her relations, of the heinousness of their crime, in allowing the young creature thus to precipitate herself into the presence of her Creator. Mrs. Kemp likewise said much, both to the mother and daughter. But all was to no purpose. The mother declared that it was her daughter's choice; and the daughter added, that she was determined to go "the road her husband had gone." There was not the least appearance of regret, either in the mother's countenance or conduct. At eight o'clock, P. M., the corpse, accompanied by this self-devoted victim, was carried to a place a little below our grounds, where I repaired to behold the perpetration of a crime, which I could scarcely believe could have been committed by a human being. A circular grave, about fifteen feet in circumference, and about five or six feet deep, was then prepared. The corpse, after some formulas were read, was placed at the bottom of the grave, in a sitting posture, with the face to the North. The young widow came forward; and, having walked round the grave seven times, calling out huree bul! huree bul! in which she was joined by the surrounding crowd, descended into it. I then approached within a foot of the grave, to observe if any reluctance appeared in her countenance, or sorrow in that of her relations. In hers, no change was perceptible. In theirs was an appearance of exultation. She placed herself in a sitting posture, with her face

to the back of her husband, embracing the corpse with her left arm, and reclining her head on his shoulders. The other hand she raised above her own head, with her fore finger erect, which she moved in a circular direction. The earth was then deliberately put about them ; two men being in the grave, for the purpose of stamping it about the living and the dead, which they continued to do, until the earth was to a level with the surface, or two or three feet above the heads of the entombed. As her head was covered some time before the finger of her right hand, I had an opportunity to observe whether any regret was manifested. But the finger moved round in the same manner as at first, until the earth closed the scene. Not a parting tear was observed to be shed by any of her relations, until the crowd began to disperse ; when the usual lamentations and howlings commenced, which, however, were without sorrow.

How different the precepts of Christianity. If this unfortunate victim could have been blessed with the religious instructions and elevating influence of a Christian mother, how different would have been the tone of her feelings, in parting with one, who, to her was, evidently, dearer than life. Instead of being enfolded to the bosom of a mother, who was bound by maternal laws to pour the oil of consolation into the heart of her widowed daughter, now overwhelmed by the waves of affliction, she was encour-

aged by her to put an end to her wretched existence by the most cruel death. This is not an isolated case, but is a common occurrence among the Hindoos.

It is the mother that encourages her son to swing for hours in the air, on a hook fastened in the small of the back, causing the most excruciating pain, to appease the wrath of some supposed deity. It is the mother that teaches him to measure his way like a reptile, hundreds of miles, to some spot (to them sacred,) that he may be worshiped in after ages as a saint. Nothing is more common than to see females measuring the distance from temple to temple by prostrating their bodies at every six feet; suspending themselves by hooks thrust through the muscular parts of the back; and in a thousand ways tormenting themselves to obtain the favor of their gods.

"As I was walking out on a certain occasion," says an American missionary, "I saw two women in the middle of the road rolling through the mud, which was then about a foot deep. Upon my approaching them, and inquiring their object, they replied, 'we are sick, and vowed to our God, that if he would make us well, we would roll to his temple.' After expostulating with them sometime, I was obliged to leave them, sick and weak as they were, to their infatuation, just at night, with three-fourths of their journey still before them, and with a strong probability of their perishing before the night should

be far advanced. Proceeding a few steps, I met a Brahmin, and pointing to the scene, expostulated with him for keeping the females in such ignorance, and in the practice of such superstitions, appealing to his conscience that he knew better. He replied, 'Ah, let them alone, that's worship just suited to their capacities.'"

In Hindostan, not twenty in as many millions, are blessed with the common rudiments of Hindoo learning. They are sunk in unfathomable depths of heathen superstition and moral ignorance. Let the truths of the gospel, and the light of science irradiate the darkened minds of this heathen nation, and how changed would be their history. Unlike Europe and our happy America, in many of the heathen countries, the greatest possible odium is attached to the character of females, who remain unmarried after the age of eleven years. And in Hindostan, so great is this disgrace, that in order to avoid it, many who have passed that age marry aged Brahmins, often, when their friends are carrying them to the Ganges to die upon its banks, or to be crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of Jugernaut. They are liable to be divorced by their husbands at any moment, and left without means of support. "The woman who speaks unkindly to her husband, may be superseded by another without delay." He has only to address her by the title "mother," and the marriage cove-

nant is dissolved. Alas! alas! must so endearing an appellation be made subservient, to accomplish an act so unjust, so dishonorable to man, so disastrous to his unfortunate victim. This is the only bill of divorce requisite. When thus cast out by husbands, such are the customs of society, that there is no employment by which she can gain an honorable livelihood. Their women are required, both by the enactments of legislators, and by the still more binding precepts of religion, to be held in the most complete depression. The Padma Parana, a book which is regarded with greater reverence, and whose precepts are more strictly obeyed by many a deluded Hindoo, than is the word of the everlasting God, by multitudes of nominal Christians, speaks thus :

‘ When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing besides. When he calls, she must leave every thing else, and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good works she can perform, is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his

character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh. If he weeps, she must also weep. If he sings, she must be in an ecstasy. She must never eat, till her husband is satisfied. If he abstains, she must surely fast; and she must abstain from whatever food her husband dislikes. When he goes abroad, if he bids her go with him, she must follow. If he bids her stay, she must go nowhere during his absence. Until he returns, she shall not bathe, clean her teeth, pare her nails, nor eat more than once a day.'

By these impious and barbarous precepts, and others of a similar nature, the Hindoo husband is guided in the treatment of his wife. He never speaks her name if he adhere strictly to his religion, but calls her "my servant," or "my dog." Nor may the wife speak the name of her husband, but must call him "my lord," or "the master of the house." She is liable to chastisement from her husband, and deems that a happy day, in which she escapes his cruel scourge. A native convert to Christianity, speaking of the effect of the gospel upon his conduct, stated, as the strongest possible external evidence of his conversion, that he had entirely ceased to beat his wife. Col. Phipps says, "The rich and powerful in Hindostan, not unfrequently punish the females of their families, by causing them to be sewed up in a sack and thrown by night into a river or

well. I have seen a rich Hindoo, who was known to have destroyed several women in this manner. When the magistrate attempted to bring the wealthy culprit to punishment, he found that the very parents and kindred of the victims had been bribed to depose in the court of justice, that they had died a natural death. I have seen taken out of large wells, several human skeletons, the remains of murdered heathen females ; and I wish it to be distinctly understood, that what I relate are facts, which have come under my own personal observation."

Such is the treatment, to which women in unenlightened countries are subject. In one, she is regarded as too impure to enter the dwelling of which she should be the brightest ornament ; in another, she is imprisoned and guarded like the felon, or the murderer. Here she is bought and sold like the slave, or the brute ; there she waits at the table of her lord, but may never partake with him of its provisions. Here she must draw the plough for her unfeeling husband ; there her blood from the earth proclaims her wrong. But where—where in all the Pagan and Mahomedan world—where among the six hundred millions of our race, to whom the Bible is unknown, is woman the equal companion of man ? Where is she the happy wife of the affectionate husband ? Where, the honored mother of grateful children ? Ask the native female of our own America.



You have heard her mourn her unhappy fate. Ask the daughter of abused Africa. Her dying shrieks have told her tale of woe. Ask the islands of the sea, or the distant East. They cannot tell. She is every where despised, neglected, afflicted, oppressed. Who will bear to them the olive branch of peace, and strike off the fetters with which they have been bound for ages? And who shall lead them to the sparkling fountains of knowledge, where they may learn of Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Who will take their feet from the horrible pit and miry clay, and establish their goings? Who will teach them to draw from those wells, which will be to them a well of water springing up into everlasting life? Who shall snatch them from the eternal burnings? Who shall take off their clothes of shame and sin, and robe them in garments white and clean? Who shall teach them to wash their hands in innocence, and look and live? Who shall teach them to break up the fallow ground of their own hearts? And who shall teach them to sow to themselves righteousness, that they may reap mercy? Who will show them the highway of holiness, that is thrown up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in? Who shall show them that path, which will be to them like that of the righteous, growing brighter and brighter until the perfect day? Who will tell

them of the forty and four thousand, that have come up out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Who, I say, will point them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world? Who will tell them of that Saviour, who left the shining courts of glory, joyfully laying aside the honor which he had with the Father, clothing himself in humanity, and dying the ignominious death of the cross, that the degraded females of Hindostan might live? Who will take up the trumpet that has well nigh ceased its echo on those distant shores, saying, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Let me say to the mothers of enlightened America, if you would have that religion that would sustain you through life, guide you through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and stand by you in that day, when you will be called to stand before Him, who will judge all nations in righteousness; misguided affection must not debar you from dedicating and educating your daughters for the work of evangelization. Behold the fields are already white with the harvest. He that loveth father or mother, brother or sister, more than me, is not worthy of me. It is not for gold that perisheth, that you are called to make this sacrifice, but that you may be the instrument in causing many to become heirs of God, and joint heirs

with Jesus Christ ; that you with others may share that inheritance, that is incorruptible, undefiled and fadeth not away. It has often been said by those who have been called to give up their children to labor in heathen lands, "It is burying them alive." It is better, far better, to bury them alive in Christ, than to selfishly retain them, while thousands are dying daily, dead in their trespasses and sins.

Among the higher ranks in Mahomedan and partially civilized Pagan countries, they are secluded from the society of man. In Hindostan and China, the wife of a man of rank and wealth is continually secluded, and closely guarded. She is never permitted to eat with her husband. She never mixes with company, even at her own house ; and is never seen abroad with her husband, unless on a journey. A Hindoo female seeing a European lady walking arm in arm with her husband, exclaimed in the utmost astonishment, "Oh ! ma ! what is this ? Do you see ? They take their wives by the hands, and lead them through the streets without the least shame !"

In the houses of the higher class, the harem, or women's apartments, is literally a prison. It is usually so situated, and constructed, that the inmates can neither be seen from without, nor enjoy any prospect, but that of an adjoining garden, which is surrounded with lofty walls. It is never entered by any male except the husband. The wife is seldom

permitted to go abroad ; and never, without being concealed in a close carriage, or having her face so enveloped, that she could not be recognized even by the most intimate friend. If she does, it is at her peril.

Says Col. Phipps, an English gentleman, in an address before the Church Missionary Society, "In Alexandria, (Egypt,) I have seen a Turk, at mid-day, in the open street, cut off a woman's head for no other reason, than because he saw her without a veil, and her person was not concealed in her cloak."

The strictness with which the inmates of the harem are guarded, may be learned from the following particulars respecting the women belonging to the seraglio of the Grand Seignior of Turkey. "Whenever they go abroad, which is very seldom, a troop of black eunuchs conveys them to the boats, which are enclosed with lattices and linen curtains ; or, if their excursion is on land, they are put into close chariots, and signals are made at certain distances, that no one approach the road, through which they pass, under pain of death. When the Sultan permits them to walk in the gardens of the seraglio, they are cleared of every thing human, and a guard of black eunuchs, with drawn sabres, march on patrol. If an individual is found in the gardens, even through ignorance, or inadvertency, he is instantly sabred, and his head is laid at the feet of the Grand

Seignior, who bestows a large reward upon the guard for his fidelity."

The same spirit of jealousy and dark suspicion, which dictates the conduct of the Grand Seignior, haunts the minds of husbands in Mahomedan countries generally. In some, it is common in the lower as well as higher ranks, and the woman's apartment in the house of every poor man, is a harem upon a small scale. This close confinement and seclusion, places the wife entirely in the husband's power. Whatever abuse she may suffer, there is no one to redress her wrongs. Says a traveller, who resided for a time at Constantinople, "The body of a young woman of surprising beauty, was found one morning near my house. She had received two wounds, one in her side, the other in her breast, and was not quite cold. Many came to admire her beauty; but no one could tell who she was, no woman's face being known out of her own family. She was buried privately, and little inquiry was made for the wretch who had imbrued his hands in her blood. The Pacha of Acre, in Palestine, not many years since, put to death seven of his wives at a single time, and with his own hands.

A careless reader of the above, may be led to conclude that these degraded beings are capable of exerting no influence. But it is not so; those that are brought in contact with them, are contaminated

in a greater or less degree by the pestilential breath of their pernicious examples, for it savors of that which they receive from their cruel tyrants. It is not necessary for us to speak of the manner in which their children are taught; for in Turkey and Arabia it resembles that in Burmah and Hindostan. They are unqualified in every respect to train the immortal mind; to prepare it for this world, or the world to come. They have no idea of moral responsibility, for it has never been taught them. How can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach unless they are sent?

Pause now for a moment, reader, and reflect upon the condition of three hundred millions of your fellow beings, designed by their Creator to belong to the fairest and loveliest portion of the human race! Behold them despised, oppressed, and sunk down in pollution and guilt. Compare their situation with the happy lot of the Christian female; and while you rejoice in the superior character and privileges of the latter, remember that "it is the prevalence of the gospel alone, that teaches man to attribute to woman an origin as high, a value as precious, a destination as lofty, and a duration as endless as his own." The respect, the intelligence, the purity and every blessing of the Christian female, it is in the power of the gospel to bestow upon her sister in heathen lands. We know this from its effects in

ages past. The females of Greece and Rome, eighteen hundred years ago, were, in many respects, degraded and treated as are those of Turkey and Hindostan at the present time. Impurity and infanticide were common among the former as well as the latter. Heathenism in every age and every country is essentially the same. But wherever the elevating and purifying influence of Christianity has been diffused, it has rescued woman from her degradation and wickedness, and made her blessed and a blessing. Mark upon the map of the world those countries where the Bible is known, and you mark at the same time the only nations in which the rights of woman are regarded. How earnestly should we labor and pray, that the Sun of righteousness might rise on all nations with healing in his wings; and with living faith look forward to the time when the Father shall give to the Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. If the gospel alone is to bring about this desirable change among our own sex, how necessary it is that we should put on the whole armor of God, and fight manfully the battles of the Lord.

“Shall we, whose souls are lighted,  
With wisdom from on high;  
Shall we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O! salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim;  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.”

## CHAPTER II.

The females of Africa, Burmah, and Hindostan, are not alone in their ignorance. The Islands of the Pacific, with their numerous inhabitants, call aloud for our exertions.

Captain Cook speaks of Tahiti, and the native beauty of their females, but deploras their great want of chastity. Before the gospel was permitted to shed its benign rays upon their minds, or disperse in any degree their darkness, there was an almost universal practice of putting to death their female infants. Rev. Dr. Seward has on record an account of two native mothers, calling on him, being inquirers after truth, confessed with tears that they had murdered seven of their own children. He also mentions that an aged man, after his conversion to Christianity, told him, that with his own hands, he had murdered eighteen of his own children. This confession was made at the Sabbath School anniversary, where were present three hundred children neatly clad in their native dress ; each one bearing a boquet culled from the fairest flowers that so richly adorn their native island. The old man gazed upon the group with streaming eyes, then bursting into loud sobs, hid his withered face in his trembling hands.

This island affords an instance of what is now doing among some, who were lately sunk in the



deepest degradation and wickedness. The commencement of the year 1815, is distinguished in the annals of that island, by changes in society affecting the intellectual, religious and domestic character of its inhabitants generally, but especially of the females. The withering influence of idolatry began to decline and give way to the humanizing, elevating power of Christianity. The food was no longer regarded as sacred, nor the fires, as hallowed. In sickness and distress, the mother, the wife, the sister and daughter, were no longer neglected. The cheerful hearths, the family board, and domestic altar, began to diffuse their life-giving joys. Instead of cruelty and contempt, the utmost tenderness is now manifested by the husband and father towards his wife and children. When the family carry their produce to trade with vessels, the first choice among articles purchased is given to the children, the next is allowed to the wife, and the husband takes for his portion whatever may remain. The females now enjoy the pleasure resulting from culture of mind, ability to read the sacred Scriptures, and write her native language. Having become a proficient in needle work, she has laid aside the native dress, consisting of a piece of native cloth, about three yards in length, and seven-eighths in width. A hole is cut in the middle, through which the head is put. It is neither sewed up at the sides nor fastened with a girdle. In

my visit to Lowell, in 1845, I had the pleasure of examining this, together with several other curiosities from that island. It looks and feels like unglazed paper. There are different qualities, and generally gorgeously painted. It is made of the wood of the bread tree, and manufactured by the women. It will bear wetting, but not washing.

Barbarous and masculine amusements are exchanged for visits of mercy to the sick and dying. They no longer select from among them the young, the vigorous, to be offered as a sacrifice to their god of war. The cruel mangling, dishevelled hair, and savage yells, are superseded by the solemn prayer, and the funeral procession. The mild influence of Christianity has effected the entire abolition of infanticide, and revived the parental affection and tenderness originally implanted in the human bosom. The mother, who had been guilty of destroying her helpless offspring, may now be seen coming into the place of public worship with her little babe in her arms, gazing with evident tenderness upon its smiling countenance, or reading and explaining the word of God, and kneeling in prayer with those children, who, but for the gospel, would have been ushered into eternity, ere their playful smiles had won the affections of the parent's heart. This instance proves, as do many others, that the gospel is to the heathen female "glad tidings of salvation" for two worlds.

It delivers her from present oppressions, and from coming wrath. We see there the disease, and we know the remedy. We know that Christianity can break the iron yoke of their bondage, and dissipate the darkness of their ignorance. It can raise them up from the pollution and wickedness in which they are plunged, and bless them with all the dignities and enjoyments of their sex in Christian countries.

In New Zealand, before the gospel was introduced, canibalism reigned with all its horrors; and modesty, that brightest gem of the female character, was unknown. Capt. Cook, in his second voyage, alludes to these facts in so thrilling a manner, that it cannot fail to excite a feeling of sympathy in the minds of those whose lot has been cast in a land of religion and refinement. He afterwards fell a victim to their savage barbarity, and his remains left to bleach upon the soil that he had endeavored to teach them to cultivate.

In Ceylon, when the American missionaries arrived there, not one among a population of two hundred thousand, could read. The cultivation of the female mind is thought to be not only vain, but dangerous to the welfare of society; and the direst calamities are denounced against the women, who may aspire at the dangerous pre-eminence of being able to read and write. It is supposed that the employments proper for woman, do not require education. She

can sweep the house, cook the food, collect fuel, wait on her lord, and feed her children without it, and having discharged these duties with fidelity, the whole work of life is accomplished. A missionary in conversation with some respectable natives, who were anxious to have schools established for boys, told them that the Christian public were desirous of doing every thing in their power to establish schools for the instruction of girls. The oldest and most intelligent of them replied, "What have we to do with them? Let them remain as they are." The missionary reminded him that females were passing into eternity ignorant of the way of salvation, and in danger of perishing forever. "They do not know how to go to heaven," replied the native, "but they know how to go to hell, and let them go."

I would to God that you, my dear sisters, would be awakened to a subject, whose importance eternity alone will reveal; and to a renewed consecration of your time and talent. And what, I ask, is our time and exertions, compared with the undying worth of an immortal soul, designed by its Creator to aid in refining and elevating the character of fallen man? Looking at it in all its bearings, we are led to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things!" The words, "Lo I am with you," should encourage and stimulate you in this noble enterprise; adding priceless gems to the brow of her, who shrinks not

at the perils that await those who go forth to elevate the character of their sex.

I cannot pass without noticing the devoted Mrs. Winslow. In her we have a striking exhibition of female influence over a nation, whose minds had been steeped in Pagan superstition. Mrs. Winslow possessed a mind of the highest order; and was keenly awake to every thing that would extend the cause of Christ or advance her Redeemer's kingdom. She was indeed like a bud, full of imprisoned odors, only waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad. You may ask, where was the rich fragrance of her mind scattered? It was among the spicy groves of Ceylon; "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." It was where the Tallibut, the queen of the forest stands, with its unrivalled beauty. It was beneath the shade of the banyan tree, that she told Ceylon's daughters of Him, who hath said, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." "And the Spirit and the bride say, come, and let him that heareth say, come, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

In China, among her three hundred and sixty-two millions, four hundred and forty-seven thousand inhabitants, although their literature is far before that of any other Pagan nation, it is not brought to bear,

in the least, upon the female mind. On account of the vast number of rivers and canals that are in this country, more business is done upon the water than in any part of the world; women are obliged to perform the duties of boatmen, in addition to what are considered their proper employments in other countries. It is said, that they may be often seen, on land, performing the various duties of agricultural labor, frequently with an infant on their backs, while their husbands are gaming, or otherwise idling away their time. Barrow asserts that he has seen the wife dragging the light plough, or harrow, while the husband was performing the easier task of sowing the seed. I copy the following interesting account from the papers of Rev. Mr. Dean. He does not enter into the particulars, in this account, of the manners and customs of the Chinese. It will be read with interest, especially by those who met this eminent missionary in his visit to the United States in 1845 and 1846.

He speaks thus of the Chinese in Siam: "This mission is in a flourishing state, and seriously demands the labors of some young men of our country, who desire to labor for the salvation of the Chinese. Of this class of people, there are, at a sober estimation, three hundred thousand, who are generally of the lower or middle class of the Chinese; enterprising, intelligent, and accessible, exhibiting

all the characteristics of their countrymen, on their native hills, while the absence of their inquisitive and oppressive rulers render them more open, and free to act, according to their conviction of duty and interest, than their brethren at home. They are employed as merchants, planters, shop-keepers, and mechanics of various descriptions, and there are few among them who, in this fruitful country, may not live easily; while others who came to the place in poverty, are now living in affluence. As for example, a Chinese who came to Siam in youth, and for want of capital went about the town peddling pork by the pound, now has a monopoly of the spirit trade of the city and suburbs of Bangkok, for which he pays annually, into the government treasury, eighteen picules, or two thousand three hundred and ninety-four pounds of silver; equal to ninety thousand dollars.

They occupy a country rich in all the productions of tropical regions, such as rice, sugar-cane, coffee, cotton, indigo, with oranges, plantains, mangos, mangostines, rambutans, sweet potatoes, yams, cocoas, as well as an abundant supply of fish, fowls, ducks, geese, pork, &c. The soil is one extensive plain of rich alluvia, covered with groves of palm and bushy jungle, or towering forest trees of teak. These forests are inhabited by elephants, tigers, leopards, and monkeys; and the cultivated fields are covered

with paddy, sugar-cane and esculant vegetables, while the whole is irrigated by the rivers, and numerous canals, intersecting each other in every direction, affording at the same time a highway to all parts of the country.

Their houses in the business part of the city are generally built of brick, constituting small apartments, with little ventilation, except what is afforded at the door of entrance. The occupants find a sleeping place in the garret, a dining-room in the rear, and a shop in the front part of the basement, where the labors of their calling are performed, or the articles of their merchandise are exposed to sale. In this way, in passing through the bazaar, or denser portion of the city, may be seen carpenters, fishmongers, coppersmiths, tailors, butchers, and drapers, promiscuously arranged, each finding a dwelling in a part of his warehouse, or workshop. Houses in the suburbs, particularly those of the Siamese, Burmans, &c., are made of bamboo, and covered with leaves. The floors, which, as well as the doors, (windows being seldom seen,) are made of bamboo, are raised by means of wood posts, to the height of eight feet above the ground, which, at times, is flooded with water. These semi-aërial dwellings are entered by means of ladders, with strides more great than graceful. Beside these, the river is lined on each side with floating houses, which are built with



teak wood frames, and plank floors, and walls roofed with atap boughs, and placed upon floats of bamboos, which are made fast to posts settled into the bed of the river. These houses having a double roof, as if two houses were joined together, one in the other; also serve the double purposes of a dwelling house, and fancy shop, or sales room. The clerks in attendance, are not young men, standing behind the counter, but aged women, sitting a-la-Turk, upon the floor.

The climate is salubrious for the natives; and is as well adapted to foreigners, as most places in the same latitude. Bangkok being between 13' and 14' North, and about 100° East longitude. The seasons are commonly divided into the rainy, cold, and hot. The first begins generally in July, or the first of August, and continues for three or four months, with daily alternative of showers and sun-shine, though sometimes, it rains for days in succession. The second begins in December, and lasts from three to six weeks, during which time the weather is agreeably cool. In the morning and evening, a cloth coat is very comfortable, but in the middle of the day, the sun is hot. The third follows this, and from March to June the weather is intensely hot, and sometimes for three months together, there is not a shower of rain to mitigate the oppressive heat. It is a relief to the eye to see vegetation still kept in its richness

and verdure, by the rise of the tide through the numerous canals, intersecting each other at short intervals, and the reservoir of water which is found at any place, by descending two or three feet from the surface of the ground. Hence, in opening a grave, for the interment of the dead, previous to lowering the coffin, the excavation must be emptied of the water, with which it is nearly filled. This inconvenience is avoided by the Chinese residing here, who follow the Siamese custom of burning the dead. This is done in the vicinity of the temples, and the places of most common resort, for this purpose, by the constant smoke of human bodies, are not unaptly compared to the valley of Hinnon, where the worm never dies, and the fire is not quenched.

At the death of a person of distinction, the body is preserved by embalming, and sometimes kept for months before the funeral services. The body being filled with spices, and bound in linen, and laid in the coffin, which at the time of the funeral, is covered with a canopy composed of the tender stalks of the plantain tree, they are wrought into a form of architecture, not altogether untasteful, and then hung with damask curtains, and, attended by priests and kindred, are borne to the place of burning, where prayers are chanted by the priests, and offerings are made by the people, and all, apparently, make it a day of festivity.

At a funeral of one of the royal family, the place of burning is in the vicinity of the palace, where a large building is erected of slight materials, but in stately forms, where priests collect to recite prayers, and receive presents, and princes and people assemble to pay their respects to the dead; or rather to pay their compliments to the surrounding friends, and enjoy a season of mirth. These continue for several successive days and nights, while thousands of persons are assembled, to be amused by the theatrical plays, brilliant fire works, or by the king in person, scattering among the people, limes which contain pieces of gold and silver coin."

Mr. Dean thus speaks of the introduction of the gospel into Siam: "The first efforts to introduce Christianity into Siam, were made by the Rev. Moses Tomlin and Gutstaff, who embarked at Singapore, in a Chinese junk, on the 14th of August, 1828, and after a voyage of nineteen days, entered the mouth of the Meinam river. They were kindly received, and met with much encouragement in the distribution of Christian books. These gentlemen repeated their visit to Siam, where Mr. Gutstaff baptized Kun-Ty, a Chinese, and in company with Mr. Tomlin, translated the New Testament into Siamese, but this has never been printed.

In 1831, Mr. Tomlin, in his last visit to Siam, was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, who also

made a second visit to the place in 1832. They were allowed a free intercourse with the people, and an unrestrained endeavor to teach orally and by means of books, visiting all classes of society, of various languages, such as Siamese, Chinese and Malays, and receiving at their own residence, persons of rank, the priesthood, as well as common people. It is not easy to measure the amount of good effected by these servants of God, but it is believed that the disclosures of a future day will show that these incipient labors were not in vain; and it is a delightful thought, that all who have been allowed the pleasure of taking a part in the work of scattering the good seed of the kingdom in Siam, may at length join in concert in shouting the 'Harvest Home!'

In the month of March, 1833, the Rev. J. Taylor Jones, with his family, took up his residence as a missionary in Bangkok. He had for sometime been laboring with the American Baptist Mission in Burmah, where he had acquired such a knowledge as to be useful, and learning that there were a number of Burmese in Siam, who, with the natives of the country, were without the instructions of Christian teachers, he resolved, in accordance with the instructions of the Society and the advice of his associates, to make that the field of his labors. On his way thither, he had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Abeel at Singapore, who had recently left Siam, and was on his

way to Europe and America. From him Mr. Jones learned much of interest, concerning the people and country to which he was bound. But at the time of his reaching Siam, Mr. Jones found no Protestant missionary in the country, and for more than a year was compelled to prosecute his labors alone. During this time, without medical attendance, and with no European residents in the place, but one English merchant and the Portuguese Consul, his family were ill. He buried his only children, a son and a daughter; Mrs. Jones suffered severely from the small pox. Amidst these domestic sorrows, and in his Christian loneliness, he was allowed to prosecute his work by studying the Siamese language, conversing with the Burmese, and encouraging the few Chinese, who had become converts in the worship of God, to continue their efforts by meeting together for prayer and reading the Scriptures.

In July, 1834, the Rev. Charles Robinson and Stephen Johnson, of the A. B. C. F. M. with their families, arrived in Siam; and at the close of this year, Mr. Jones, having effected the translation of the gospel, repaired to Singapore to print. This, with a small tract prepared by him, was eagerly sought by the Siamese, and in 1836, he visited Malacca and Penang, for the purpose of procuring a font of Siamese type; and at the same time, Mrs.

Jones accompanied him for the improvement of her health.

Having measurably accomplished his objects in both these respects, he returned, after an absence of a few months, and they were joined in their labors for the Siamese, by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, who arrived during the same year. Having now two printing presses, with all the necessary apparatus, and an experienced printer, in the person of Mr. Davenport, tracts and portions of the Scripture in Siamese were printed in large numbers, and extensively circulated among the people, who crowded in multitudes about the mission house, to secure their books, and return with them to their homes in different parts of the city and surrounding country. Mr. Jones also early commenced a course of book distribution away from home, making generally the heathen temples the place of his resort, where he conversed in company with the priests and the people, after which they were supplied with books. In some of these benevolent excursions, the malice of the people was excited, but generally books were sought with eagerness, and instruction listened to with respect; though, in many cases, the listeners appeared more anxious to know of what material the foreigner's clothes were made, than to learn of what his religion consisted. This characteristic of the Siamese, extends to more than childish curiosity, and

leads them to examine with the greatest minuteness, the various articles of dress worn by foreigners, and often, while listening with attention to the most apparent and important truths, they will break out with some trivial inquiry, which plainly shows that their thoughts have been foreign to the subject of discourse. As for instance :

‘Do not your garments, which cover the whole body, make you very warm?’ ‘What makes your face so white?’ ‘Does your king give you money to make books and buy rice?’ ‘How old are you?’ ‘Is that person with you male or female?’ ‘How many times in a day do you eat rice?’ and such like inquiries.

This spirit of curiosity has rendered the Siamese urgent in their application for books, and pleased when they possess an object so novel as a foreign book printed in their own language, and still more so when that book has been purchased without money and without price. This curiosity, which has induced many to walk miles under the heat of a tropical sun to obtain a tract, is not to be regarded as an indication or an earnest desire to learn the truth of the Christian religion; since these applicants fear the heat little less than salamanders, and being in idleness have no other claim on their time than to gratify their curiosity; or when we hear of their throwing themselves into the water and swimming

off to get a tract, or obtain a book, it should be borne in mind that they are a kind of amphibious species, and being unencumbered with clothing, they feel little less convenience in the water than they would on land. In some instances the books have been sought for the sake of the paper, which has been used for ornament, by pasting upon the walls of the rooms, and for making kites, or for wrapping paper. After making these necessary deductions, there is satisfactory evidence that a great portion of these books have been read, and their contents repeated by the applicants on their request for a second supply. The immediate results of printing and preaching the gospel in Siamese are not so encouraging as in some other countries, but there are some few individuals who discover signs of having been savingly influenced by the truth, while there are some indications that the gospel is working slowly and silently upon the nation; while the unrestrained action of every engine connected with the missionary's enterprise in the heart of a heathen country, and under the eye of a pagan monarch, is matter of encouragement and thanksgiving to God. In the dissemination of Christianity among the Siamese, several persons from various societies have been employed. The agents of the American Baptist Board have been Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who commenced their labors in 1833; Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, in 1836; Mr. and Mrs.



Shafter in 1839; and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler in 1843. Of the A. B. C. F. M., Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, in 1834; Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Robbins in 1835; Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Hemenway, Mr. and Mrs. French, and Miss Pierce in 1839; and of the General Assembly's Board, Mr. and Mrs. Buel in 1840. The latter left for America in 1843, in consequence of Mrs. B's ill health. Mr. French died at Bangkok of consumption, in 1849. and Mrs. F. returned to her native country in 1843. Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, in consequence of ill health, returned to America in 1839. Mr. Shafter died of dysentery at Bangkok in 1841; Mrs. S. was married to Capt. Brown in 1843. The former Mrs. Jones died of Cholera, in March, 1838, and her successor, the present partner of her surviving husband, joined the mission in 1841. The mission has perhaps in no case sustained a severer loss than in the death of Mrs. Jones. She brought into the service of the mission, a vigorous and well cultivated mind, and under the guidance of an unostentatious piety, and an unrestrained consecration of all her powers and possessions to the cause of Christ. Though encompassed with infirmity of body, she patiently persevered in her work, and left behind a name embalmed in the recollections of her friends, and many valued monuments to her knowledge of the Siamese language, and surprising proof of the industry and suc-

cess with which she prosecuted her labors for the good of the heathen. A brief sketch of her life is already before the public, to which the reader is referred for a more correct picture of her life than we are capable of drawing; though from personal acquaintance, it has been our happiness to witness in her a union of those rare excellencies which are seldom found in one individual. Little less can be said of the lamented Shafter, who possessed a happy facility for the acquisition of language, an agreeable address and pleasing mode of communicating instruction, while his heart glowed with an ardent zeal for Christ, and a tender love for souls. He prayed and wept, and faithfully labored for the good of the heathen, among whom he was so soon called to sleep in death. He was eminently a practical man. In his preaching, his object, as apparent to all who heard him, was to present Christ before the ruined sinner as his only hope, and in such an attitude as should be best calculated to awaken attention and secure his salvation. In his efforts for the heathen, so soon as he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language as to enable him to begin his instructions, he called his domestics around him, and daily pointed them to the Saviour and persuaded them to forsake their sins.

He soon commenced a course of itineracy through the country, with the double object of improving himself in the language, and of giving Christian

books and instruction to the natives. For this purpose he procured a boat and fitted it up in a manner to accommodate himself and family, and in this floating habitation, which was called the "Ark of Peace," he and his wife found a home for many days and nights, while traversing the rivers and canals of Siam, and distributing among the villages living on their banks, the word of life. Few men have ever gone forth to the heathen with stronger desires or brighter prospects for usefulness; but his race was short and soon ended, for he had resided scarcely two years in Siam when he was called home to his eternal rest.

The remaining number, whose names are mentioned above, are still prosecuting their labors among the Siamese, with the aid of four printing presses in two distinct printing establishments, two type foundries, two book binderies, two chapels, besides several preaching places, two mission schools for Siamese youth, the New Testament entire, translated and printed, with portions of the Old Testament, and a good variety of tracts in circulation among the people. Thus established, and so far advanced under the toleration of a heathen despot, and in the heart of a kingdom of five or six millions of inhabitants, the mission may be considered in a flourishing condition, and in some respects one of the most interesting in the world. It has a strong claim upon the sympathies, and prayers, and immediate efforts of

the saints. If now our mission is allowed to languish or suffer for want of support, or reinforcement, it will entail merited censure upon the churches of our land. We do not say that it has a claim more urgent and legal than other missions ; but we speak advisedly and impartially when we say, that it is a most intensely interesting mission, and sends a silent but touching appeal to the servants of Christ and the sons of the church."

### CHAPTER III.

In Mr. Webster's account of China he informs us that there are three chief systems of religion ; those of Confucius, Laotse, and Boodha. The former is for the more learned, being in fact, rather a moral code, and a most admirable one too, than a religious creed. The second differs from this but little ; and there is no difficulty in holding the views of both ; the Boodhist religion is for the least educated classes. There is no state religion in the Empire. The Emperor is a Boodhist, or follower of Fa ; but he is also a follower of Confucius. China is tolerant of all religions ; and it is to be ascribed to the quarrels and bad conduct of its professors, that Christianity was ever forbidden. The early Catholic priests were extremely well received ; their learning and science were highly esteemed ; their teachings were

allowed; members even of royal family were converted to their doctrines; and there was a good prospect that the empire would be converted to Christianity. But the priests divided into two parties, the early Jesuits forbidding, and the others allowing, the Chinese to pay worship to their ancestors; the Pope issued his bull and decided the controversy; the disturbance came to the knowledge of the Emperor, who, indignant at this presumption, banished all the priests, and prohibited the people from embracing Christianity on pain of death. This conduct of the Jesuits and other Romish missionaries, was the cause of closing and barring the doors of China against all Christian nations. They were found to be interfering with the government and internal policy of that country, and, of course, were forever debarred all intercourse. That was a most unfortunate event, as it fixed in the minds of the Chinese, a prejudice, not soon to be wiped away. His wrath did not subside until the negotiation with the French and Americans, the latter of whom, by the seventeenth article of the treaty, are allowed to establish hospitals, cemeteries and churches, in any of the five free ports.

The manner in which this permission was granted was highly gratifying. Kwang, the present Lieut. Governor of the Kwang provinces, a sort of Secretary of Legation to Keying, was present at one of the

many conferences, which were had upon the subject of the treaty. The American interpreters, Drs. Parker and Bridgman, were also present with the American functionaries. When they came to this item of the treaty, Kwang turned to Dr. Parker, whom he well knew, and who enjoys in an extraordinary degree, the regard and respect of the Chinese, both officers and people, and said, with a courteous smile, "Certainly, churches and hospitals, if you please." This ready compliance, with our desire, said Mr Webster, was a direct tribute of respect to Dr. Parker, which he well merited, and was highly honorable to the accomplished Chinese himself.

The Boodhist is the religion of the lowest and uneducated classes, who have not time or ability for deciding upon abstract notions of the Divinity, but must have visible and tangible objects of worship. Their temples are much like the Catholic churches in Macao. They make prayers for the dead, have nuns and monks, and petition for everything, from deliverance of their friends from purgatory, to a handsome wife or rich husband. Besides, in every shop is an idol or god of wealth, and every house has a god of longevity, to which devout and daily prayers are offered. Most of them are utterly ignorant of the existance even of a future state.

Mr. W. gave one instance which had fallen under his personal notice, where the fellow, a boatman,

listened to Mr. W. with the most intense and grateful interest, while he pointed out to him a future state, where for good conduct, so far as he knew, he should be forever freed from the sufferings and trials he suffered here. That then he should feel no want of food or clothing; no need of daily toil and expense, no cold, nor heat, nor thirst, nor fatigue; no Ladrões to rob him, no petty mandarins to oppress him, no stormy winds and raging waves:

"No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

I painted for him, said Mr. Webster, rather an Indian, than a Christian heaven.

"Admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog should bear him company."

To all this the poor man listened eagerly and asked, with glistening eyes, whether this was for Chinamen as well as Americans. This doubt being easily removed, Mr. W. hoped that the conversation was not without benefit to him. We will say to the reader, that the Chinese have but little knowledge of any religion, save that tolerated by their rank. Their notions of other countries are exceedingly vague, except of that, which they term the Celestial Empire; this can be seen from their maps.

The Chinese are truly a wonderful people; and China, in various respects, is the most extraordinary empire that ever existed. Whether we regard

length of duration, number of inhabitants, their uniformity, steady economy, and amazing industry, the world has never furnished a parallel to China. According to the best accounts, which can be obtained on the subject, China has been a great and flourishing empire nearly 3900 years. She has held one steady and dignified course, while the nations in the West of Asia and Europe have been fluctuating like the waves, and expiring like meteors in the troubled sky.

The accounts given of the population of China, though seeming credible, are perfectly astonishing. There are said to be above three hundred millions of people in that empire—of course more than one third of the inhabitants of the whole globe. But China possesses every advantage necessary to sustain a great population, nearly as large as half of Europe; her territories lie in the pleasantest part of the temperate zone, and abound in many of the most useful productions of the earth. China produces whatever might be expected from an excellent soil in the highest state of cultivation. Such is the unparalleled industry and diligence of this people, that their country, though more than 1200 miles square, is all under the most advantageous improvement. They suffer no land to lay waste. Their steep side-hills and mountains, even to their summits, are tilled with as much care, as we till our gardens. The very mild



winters which prevail in the middle and southern parts, render their subsistence attainable with far less labor and expense. They have no need that their country should be half covered with forest to supply them with fuel. Europeans, who have seen the interior parts of China, are astonished with the marks of their industry, which appear in every thing that strikes the eye. The vastness of their cities, their highways, their bridges of amazing form and construction, and especially their canals, exceed those of all nations. The country is peculiarly favorable for canals; and it is intersected and cut into almost numberless islands, by those beautiful, artificial rivers. Many of their vessels are a kind of floating houses, which can carry sail, in which families live, are brought up, and transact all their business.

The face of their country is formed by spacious plains and regular hills, with some mountains. The suburbs of their great cities are formed by large and populous villages; and their villages overspread all the country, so that you scarcely know what is city and what is country. The country at large resembles an unbounded continuity of flourishing towns and villages. Their style of building is not very superb; yet, in the article of house-painting, which appears like varnish or japan work, gives them a glossy brightness, and will resist the sun and weather. The internal structure of their houses is far inferior

to those of our own country. But there are certain evils, which, at times result from their immense population. In spite of all their industry, they are considerably liable to a scarcity of provisions.

The Chinese monarchy, though absolute, seems to be the mildest, and perhaps is the wisest in the world. It is, in a great measure, patriarchal. The sovereign is regarded as the father of his people. He consults their interest, endeavors to promote their happiness; and they, in return, seldom resist his will. The government is extremely jealous of the powers of Europe, and with great reasons. The English embassy, conducted by lord Macartney, proved utterly useless. The emperor of China, after having graciously received, and for a while entertained the English ambassador, gave him a kind of tablet, on which was written certain moral and civil maxims of advice, respecting the conduct of kings, and desired him to present it to his master, the king of England, as a token of his friendship. The maxim is indeed true, that there are none so wise, but might become wiser, nor none so good, but they might become better. The king of England might, very properly, have returned the compliment, by giving him some instruction relative to the impropriety of keeping one thousand beautiful females, as his wives, whom he causes to be banished from all society at his death.

The magnanimous Mrs. Gutstaff, who visited the

United States in 1843, brought with her three out of the eight blind children, that she succeeded in rescuing from the hands of their cruel mothers, who were about to put them to death; the practice of destroying unfortunate children, as well as others, is universal. It is evident that literature and science cannot make a nation what it should be, without the light of the gospel. Without this, crimes of the darkest hue are considered acts of justice and benevolence. The embarrassment that Christian nations have so long labored under, in sending the gospel to China, has been removed by the late war between Great Britain and that country.

Never, since the days of the Nestorians in China, A. D, 635, have there been so many Protestant missionaries laboring for this people as at present; and never were their labors so efficient, or their prospects so encouraging, as they now are. And the fact that only few yet give evidence of being true converts, so far from producing discouragement, ought rather to excite greater diligence, more ardent aspirations for the influence of the Holy Spirit, and more fervency in prayer. The Christian's enterprise is not one of doubtful issue. The uttermost parts of the earth have been given to God's dear Son, with all power in heaven and earth, and He will have the people of all lands come to the knowledge of his truth, that they may be saved. God's providence

too, like his word, affords strong grounds of encouragement. As soon as the churches turned their attention to this country, a way was found for the gospel. Protestant missionaries, it was supposed, could not secure a residence here. The experiment showed that such supposition was false. Morrison had it in his heart to go; and he went, labored long and successfully, and died in the field, opposition notwithstanding. Others joined him, and succeeded to his labors. And in proportion as the number of missionaries has increased, the field has opened. And so, we believe, it will be in future. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find," are divine promises, and God's government makes their fulfilment sure. As the good seed is sown and watered, so will be the harvest. Thus it has ever been. In the church militant—the kingdom of Christ on earth—every aggressive movement against the powers of darkness will increase the trophies and augment the glories of our great Redeemer. He will provide for his own; and as the Captain of their salvation, will lead them triumphantly through every scene of trial, giving them abundant success. Why should it not be so? Whose are the cattle on a thousand hills? Whose is the sea? Whose the earth? Whose are the kingdoms of the world and all their vast and varied revenues, armies, navies, and treasures? And were these not enough, legions of angels could be

put in requisition. All things shall work together for good to those who love God; and angels are his ministers, attending continually on those who are to be the heirs of salvation. O, how good is the providence of God!

Only a little while ago there was but one Protestant missionary in China, and he had access to but one small spot. To that he was confined, and there narrowly watched lest he should disturb the peace of the empire, by publishing abroad the peaceful religion of Jesus. In the course of a few years, what do we witness? When the number of missionaries had considerably increased, and they had prepared themselves for active service, the exclusive power of the monarch must be broken, and new fields opened for their labors. The great Head of the church, in his inscrutable providence, allowed the powers that be, to come into angry collision. An armed expedition, comprising large military and naval forces, was collected on the coast of this empire; city after city was opened before them; and the storm of war was not hushed, until wide doors were opened for the promulgation of the gospel.

Three treaties have been formed, all of which will act more or less favorably on the missionary enterprise, by securing some degree of religious toleration. Previous to these treaties, missionaries were liable to suffer death for endeavoring to propagate

Christianity. But by the provisions of the French treaty, whatever Frenchmen may be seized in the interior, must be delivered to the nearest consuls, and are to be tried, in case of offence, by French laws. So with others. The policy of the Chinese government towards foreigners has become, not only more tolerant, but more conciliating. That lofty bearing, once so characteristic of this government, allowing itself to claim universal supremacy, has been changed; and there is now a willingness (forced indeed,) to yield equality, and treat others as it would be treated. The tide has fairly set in favor of reform, and it will be found irresistible. The foreign relations of China are now so changed that this government, in order to preserve peace at home or abroad, must consult with other nations, and conform in a greater or less degree, to their usages. To retract and go back to its former isolated state, is now impossible; and not many years can elapse, ere western governments will have their ministers plenipotentiary in Peking, and, at their own capitals, representatives from the court of China. In a few years, the whole length and breadth of the country will be traversed by foreigners as freely and as securely as the continent of Europe. So we expect. Our greatest encouragement, however, is derived from the direct efforts now making to give the gospel to the Chinese. Let these be continued and increased, and

ere long, the inhabitants of this empire will become a Christian people, and the church of Christ in China number its millions and tens of millions.

Seventy-five in all, have gone as missionaries to the Chinese, besides a goodly number of Christian ladies, who, by their works and examples, have rendered no inconsiderable aid in furtherance of the cause of missions."

I became acquainted with Mrs. Lydia H. Devan, wife of Dr. T. T. Devan, while a pupil in the New York Institution for the Blind. I drank of the cup of their kindness, shared their hospitality, and joyfully bowed together with them, around the family altar, and sang together again and again,

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee I 'll now direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye."

I almost now seem to hear sister Devan's silvered voice reading the sacred Scriptures, in which she so much delighted; she indeed took them as the man of her counsel; she was one, instant in season and out of season; she was valiant for that Truth that was delivered to her through Christ.

The city correspondent of the New York Register, gives an interesting account of the circumstances in which Mr. and Mrs. Devan devoted themselves to the work; and many, doubtless, remember them. A

circular from the missionaries in China, was read in "the pastor's conference," which led to the appointment of a committee to endeavor to secure a missionary to go out from the churches in New York. At the next meeting, Dr. and Mrs. Devan volunteered. The Dr. was then in an extensive and lucrative practice, from which he had already realized a handsome property—he stood high in society, and was regarded as a pillar in the church. His wife was a lady of deep piety, and almost entire consecration. She was beautiful and accomplished, (secondary considerations indeed;) but her accomplishments were made subservient to her piety and zeal. Universally beloved, constantly engaged in the service of the church and of mankind, their situation seemed all that could be desired by refined and consecrated hearts. And it took every one by surprise, when they offered to sacrifice so many advantages, and undertake a service of so great self-denial and toil. Why are such instances so rare and surprising? Such were the circumstances in which Mrs. Devan embarked in that great enterprise, in which she has so soon added another to the brilliant list of female martyrs to the cause of eastern missions. "Mysterious Providence!" will many exclaim, and yet "if the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church, the ashes of missionaries may enrich the soil on which Christianity is to take root and flourish, then Matilda



Dean and Lydia H. Devan," may not have died among the heathen in vain.

At a meeting of the Pastor's Conference of New York, after the records of the meeting, in which brother and sister Devan were selected, had been read, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Pastor's Conference of New York, and vicinity, having with profound grief, heard of the death of our highly esteemed sister in Christ, Mrs. Lydia H. Devan, wife of our beloved brother, Rev. T. T. Devan, missionary to China, and remembering with gratitude to God, the interesting circumstances under which brother and sister Devan were introduced into the missionary field, through the instrumentality of this Conference, would submissively recognize the hand of the God of missions in this bereavement, while they tender to our afflicted brother, Rev. T. T. Devan, the assurance of their sympathy and prayers, that the Lord would support him in his trials, and would cause this affliction to work out for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

We copy the following, relative to Mrs. Shuck, from the Macedonian:

"In the demise of Mrs. Shuck, her husband and five little children have been called to grieve over a loss, to them extremely distressing. We, individually, mourn the final absence of a cheerful, pious, and intelligent friend and efficient fellow-laborer; while the mission has been deprived of its brightest ornament, and most active member. Our numbers, alrea-

dy few and feeble, are being still further reduced by our Father's mysterious hand. While our hearts bleed over the tomb of one so well qualified by her knowledge of this difficult language, so devoted and so useful, we would bow with profound submission to Him who, in all dispensations, is as wise and as good as he is mysterious.

She had enjoyed excellent health for several months previous to the 27th of November, when, having given birth to a healthy son, she sank from exhaustion, one hour and a half afterwards. For months previous, her mind had been in a specially interesting religious state, and such was the case to the last; and she died peacefully, without scarcely an apparent pain, literally falling asleep in Jesus, in the 27th year of her age, and the tenth of her successful missionary career. Her missionary cares and labors are now cheerfully borne by her endeared friend, Mrs. Devan. One of Mrs. Shuck's many benevolent efforts, was the erection of the girl's school-house, sufficient for the dormitories of twelve girls, which was under her entire direction; and when she was in the very midst of her labors, called to her bright reward above, she had secured, by her own exertions, funds sufficient to defray half the expenses of the building. It stands, with its terraced roof and pretty ballustrades, as one of the many monuments of her unquenchable missionary zeal."

I select the following account of Mrs. Dean from the Doctor's papers, who has already been introduced to the reader. "Mrs. Dean was born at Morrisville, State of New York, March 9, 1812. In childhood she discovered a capacity and pleasure in acquiring knowledge, which placed her in advance of most of her associates in study. Her mind was of that order which looks not to efforts of genius for the acquisition of knowledge, but which discovers a partiality for the more solid branches of an education, and by patient application, seldom fails of success. After passing through the usual course of studies, pursued at the academical schools for young ladies at Hamilton, she was expected to embark for the East, in 1833; but the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, with the Burman teachers, at that time, led to the establishment of the 'Burman School,' in which, in company with others, she spent the following year in the study of the Burman language. This gave her a familiarity with the elements of that language, and enabled her to read with facility the New Testament in Burmese. Her piety, which discovered itself in early life, was of a pure and progressive character. During a season of revival, in her native town, while but a child, she was brought to an enlightend view of herself as a sinner, and a penitent, and believing trust in Christ as her Saviour, and was, in company with her father, Dea. Samuel Bo-

man, and four sisters, baptized, and introduced to the fellowship of the Baptist church in 1826. Here, notwithstanding her youthfulness, she soon became a leading member of the Bible Class, and discovered a desire for usefulness, which prompted to efforts for the relief of the destitute, the instruction of the ignorant, the spiritual good, and highest happiness of all around her. She loved her friends, and enjoyed the society of her father's family; still she deliberately resolved to leave all for the higher privilege of laboring among the heathen. A resolution which, on her dying bed, she remarked, she had never seen cause to regret. Prompted by the strong feeling of Christian love, she moved forward unostentatiously, but with a decided step, and a cheerful heart, in the course of preparation; and finally, upon that memorable morning, when she took a final leave of her father's house, while all others were melted into tears, her countenance was lighted up with heavenly joy, and she calmly gave to one after another her parting hand, and kiss of kindred friendship. That spirit of cheerful composure was seldom interrupted; and her husband, during the short period of their union, enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing 'uniformity of a meek and quiet spirit,' which is so profitable to men, and which, 'in the sight of God, is of great price.'

Though sharing liberally in those gifts of nature, which facilitate attraction, and the power to please,

she appeared little conscious of her native endowments, and personal possessions, and instead of courting applause, studied to employ all in the accomplishment of good. Her good sense, benevolent heart, and cheerful temperament, rendered her an ornament to the social circle; and, in no ordinary degree, fitted her for the relations of domestic life, and the duties of her chosen station among the heathen. To this work, she had long directed her thoughts and fond desires; and after mature deliberation, not with the romantic enthusiasm of the thoughtless aspirant for adventure and distinction, but the sober thoughtfulness of real life, and the enlightened and expansive feelings of Christian benevolence, she gave herself to the mission cause. From this day forward, with a cheerful and unmovable adherence to her purpose, she patiently met, and overcame the obstacles which lay in the pathway of her preparatory course, joyfully bade a final farewell to the numerous friends, the temporal blessings, and cherished privileges of her native land, and with the heroism of a Christian, stepped forward on the restless ocean, whose billows were to conduct her to the perils and privations of a foreign land of barbarity; and, as it proved, lead to an early grave among its eastern islands. Long had she looked forward to the time, when she might be allowed to labor for the salvation of her sable sisters of the East. Often had

she mingled her tears, with her supplications to the Saviour of the world, that his kingdom might come ; and at length her eyes were gladdened with the sight of the field in which she hoped to labor, and the people with whom she would gladly live ; but who gathered around her, not to listen to the words of the missionary, and the story of the Messiah, but to see with what peace and heavenly hope a Christian could die ; a timid female, away from her father's house, and the home of her friends, and surrounded with savages—is not afraid—yea, is more than triumphant in death. She had proved the sincerity of her love to Christ, by a voluntary surrender of all that opposed her service for Him ; she had shown her interest for the heathen, by giving up her life for their salvation. She had given practical testimony of her capacity to enjoy, and power to contribute to domestic happiness.

When she closed her eyes to her smiling infant, and weeping husband, after looking a silent farewell to a lonely band of Christian friends, and heathen attendants, she laid down her body beneath the soil which, for centuries, had been pressed by Pagan footsteps, and from these wilds of idolatry, took her flight to the rest of the weary, and the home of the righteous. Her last hours were peace—her work of preparation was done—the sting of death was taken away. The lamp of life was not extinguished by

the tempests of the troubled soul, but 'like the morning star, which melts away into the light of heaven.' For many days the tide of life had moved with a gentle current, and the pulse grew fainter and fainter, until the last day of her life, when, as a last resort, a vein was opened in her husband's arm, and its contents introduced to her own, with the hope of keeping the tide of life in motion. But all was in vain. The vital power was wasted; the living fountain exhausted; the golden bowl was broken, and the silver cord loosed. She passed away from earth to heaven. She had, in obedience to Him who possessed all power in heaven, and on earth, gone forth to teach the nations in darkness, the way of life.

She had gone forth agreeably to the language of a friend in her native country, who said to her at parting: 'If from a far distant land, I chance to come into recollection, when you think of your friends, I wish to be remembered as one of those whose minds are often overwhelmed, while contemplating the cause to which you have devoted the freshness of your youth. I think of the delirium of the world, of the long, and deep slumber of the church, of the unutterable interests at stake; and then the bright beams of a Saviour's love, of the golden region on which faith fixes her eagle eye, and of the meeting of the faithful and unfaithful, where the vision of all will be unclouded; where the

human actions will be weighed in the true balance, and my spirit burns within me, and my tongue blesses the names of those who, on the hallowed ground of the missionary field, weep and pray and toil, and then lie down in glory. Go, join the immortal band; go, seek in India a new gem for your Redeemer's crown; go, pour out the incense of your life, on the altar where he bids you, and Paradise shall be your abode, and cherubs your companions, and Christ your bright and morning star, and God your light and glory."

The grave of Mrs. Matilda Dean may be seen on the eastern side of Government Hill, overlooking the town of Singapore. This sacred resting place is surrounded by a bamboo hedge, with here and there a forest tree in the vicinity, and groves of spice trees at the foot of the hill. Here the widowed husband, while kneeling by the side of the tablet, which marks the hallowed bed of his youthful companion, the object of his early affections, the mother of his helpless child, and the tomb of his domestic joys, has found the loneliness of life give way to the bright enjoyments of duty, while the sorrows and gloom of the grave were changed for the glorious assurances of a better life, with friends who never die. Here he has felt a joy more than cancelling the bitterness of his grief; here he found a peace, as surprising to himself, as to those around him; a real good, and



demonstrating the power of Christianity, which are worth more than they cost him; and instead of turning away from this home of his domestic joys and divine communing with the darkness and desolation with which he came, light from above is poured upon his pathway, and he goes forth to his work among the heathen with a quickened step, and peaceful heart.

The year 1845 was an eventful year to the mission in China. "In our last annual letter, (says the Rev. Mr. Shuck,) we mentioned that we were encouraged to believe that the Spirit of the Lord was at work with a number of hearts among this great heathen people, who have been for some time under the regular preaching of the gospel in their own language. Our hopes have been more than realized, and eighteen Chinese have been baptized during the year, upon their own profession of faith in Christ. All these were received into the church after repeated and careful examinations, both private and public. Some of them are men of high attainments in their own literature, and have already proved of great usefulness to the mission. Of these eighteen, only one, and he the least promising, has been excluded from the church, while all the others give evidence of holding on to their profession. We now have between twenty and thirty cases of interesting inquiry, affording more or less encouragement."

One of the native converts has finished his short career of discipleship. He was a priest of the Budha sect for nine years. He was overwhelmed with unhappiness by the loss of his wife, when a youth, and entered the priesthood in hopes of finding consolation by constant devotion at Budha's altars. He was punctual in all his duties, yet all failed to afford him comfort, and he sighed still for peace. Being at Hongkong on a Sabbath, his attention was attracted by the Chinese name upon the chapel, and he immediately entered. He listened with anxious attention, and when he heard Christianity announced as a system of glad tidings, offering to all who heartily embraced it, solid joy in the life that now is, and eternal bliss in the world to come, he felt that that was just what he had been in vain searching for, ten long and sorrowful years. He came to Mr. Shuck, after the service had ended, and said that if he would teach him such "joyful doctrines," he would be willing to become his shoe-cleaner and yard-sweeper. After more than a whole year's close Christian instruction, he was baptized, and proved a worthy, happy, and useful disciple. His Christian course was short, but an useful one; he was the means of bringing into the church, his father, his only brother, and an intimate friend. He died peacefully, saying, "he had no fears, for he relied upon the Lord Jesus."

Mr. Shuck also says, " We have thirteen native preachers daily at work at Hongkong and the neighboring towns and villages on this and other islands, and also on the main land, preaching the gospel, and scattering far and near tens of thousands of Christian books and tracts. The truths of the gospel are evidently spreading and taking hold of the minds of multitudes all around us. One of our most active native preachers came to the pastor a few days ago, and said, ' Teacher, during the year upon which we have entered, great numbers of the Chinese are going to turn to the Lord.' Our Chinese Sabbath congregations, at the chapels, are remarkably attentive, and crowded to excess. We are now about to appeal once more to the foreign community for pecuniary aid, to enable us to enlarge and improve the Queen's Road Chapel, so as more comfortably to accommodate the increasing congregations ; and also to keep pace with the improvements of the town. The new bazaar chapel is just completed, and is every way a larger, better, and more convenient building than the old one. It is located just in the midst of the new bazaar, is forty-three feet square, built of brick, two stories high, and was erected through the liberality of the foreign community. The auditory and vestry are on the upper floor ; while the dispensary, book depository, and seven rooms for native preachers are on the lower floor. It is de-

signed to hold divine service there, entirely in Chinese, three times on the Sabbath, and every evening during the week. Two substantial school-houses have been erected during the year—one for boys, fifty-five feet by twenty-five, two stories high; the other for girls, thirty-five feet by twenty-five, one story, chiefly through contributions from kind and disinterested friends in China. In the boarding-school are twenty Chinese boys, and six Chinese girls, who are under the daily superintendence and instruction of Mrs. Devan."

We have already seen how suddenly, how mysteriously, Mrs. Devan was removed from her field of usefulness. He who surveys eternity with a glance, knew in what way she could best advance the cause of missions. It becomes us, who are left to mourn, to be still and know that it is God. Those illustrious females, who have left their homes, their native land, their all, counting their lives not dear unto them, that they might plant the Rose of Sharon on heathen shores, amid the moral darkness, have shone like the splintered diamond beneath the brilliant sun of the torrid zone. Their influence will widen and deepen, until the sable sisters of the East "shall cast their idols to the moles, and to the bats," and a new song shall be put into their mouths, even praise to the living God. Their influence will not stop,

until "kings shall become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers."

Millions of souls sincerely bow  
To gods of wood and stone;  
How dreadful does the sight appear,  
Where Christ with light has come.

Let mission zeal in every breast  
Be kindled to a flame,  
Till every nation, tribe and tongue,  
Have learned their Saviour's name.

I would not fear;—the raging seas  
Should not my soul affright;  
"Lo, I am with you every where!"  
Would fill me with dellight.

Oh, yes, I'd leave my native land,  
And to the heathen go,  
To sound aloud the gospel trump  
Till all His truth should know.

I fain would break the heathen chain  
That Burman mothers bind;  
And watch the dawning intellect,  
And guide the immortal mind.

The mission field is blooming white,  
The laborers are few;  
Lo, China opens wide her gates,  
And calls aloud for you.

Tahiti, too, unites her voice,  
Inviting you to come;  
The northern Indians we can hear,  
The Cherokee says Come.

I would not fear the scorching sands,  
On Afric's burning shore ;  
Nor India's sickly climate dread,  
So I might teach the poor.

Ye winds, now waft the mission ship!  
Fill every swelling sail !  
Till every island of the sea,  
The Saviour gladly hail.

Now give the heathen to thy Son,  
The earth let him possess ;  
Let thy salvation spread abroad,  
And reign in righteousness.

The heathen temples then will fall,  
The cross will firmly stand ;  
And China's empire blooming fair,  
Become Immanuel's land.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Thus I have, in a brief sketch, given you an outline of the influence and character of uneducated females in Africa, Burmah, Hindostan, China, Tahati, New Zealand, and Ceylon, as well as the influence and character of those eminent ladies, who had sacrificed all the blessings and privileges of our own enlightened America, to dispel that cloud of darkness that has so long rested upon the minds of the dusky daughters of the East.

But our researches must not stop here. Where are the aborigines of our own country? And what is

their character and condition? They, too, have a claim upon us as Christians and philanthropists. They possess minds of a higher order than those of whom we have been treating. They believe in a Great Spirit, and have vague notions of the creation of the world, and also of the deluge. Very many of them believe the world sprang into existence in the following manner:

"There was a time when there was nought but vast ocean, and the Great Spirit came down in the form of a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was loud thunder. He rested upon the bosom of the waters, and immediately land appeared, clothed in the richest verdure, with lofty mountains, towering forests, fertile plains, extensive prairies, boundless oceans, vast lakes, majestic rivers and babbling brooks, abounding in fish and every thing that would make them useful and desirable. Extensive hunting grounds, in which there was no 'pale face' to frighten the wild deer and elk; and they fancy their canoes glided smoothly along, uninterrupted by the obtrusive whites."

Among the Ojibwah's, their ideas of the deluge are as follows: "There was a time when an Ojibwah and his squaw were walking in what they call a Beautiful Garden, in which there was every thing to charm the eye and please the taste; where the

fragrance of beautiful flowers perfumed the air; where rich fruit hung in luxuriant abundance on unfading trees, among whose branches might be seen birds with richer plumage, and singing more melodious songs than have ever been heard since. (Here their voices are lowered, and their words accompanied with many gestures;) and again they say, many beautiful streams threaded the garden, abounding with the choicest fish, which they could take with their hands, without the aid of hook or spear; no use for the bow and arrow or savage tomahawk; for the bear and the buffalo, the deer and the elk, came at their bidding.

One beautiful day, when the Ojibwah and squaw were walking, they met a huge snake which the squaw struck, and it became exceedingly wroth, spouting water at them until the garden was flooded; and they, frightened, fled to the hills; the water continuing to rise, for safety they fled to the mountains, from the mountains to the tops of the trees, where they were soon washed off, being left to float for many days. Knowing the Great Spirit was angry with them, they knew not what to do. They at length saw a fox at a distance, and requested him to go down and bring up some earth; he obeyed, and went down, and to their great horror, came up dead. A long time elapsed before they had an opportunity to speak to any thing else; then a rackoon made his



appearance, and they told him as they had done the fox; he obeyed, and came up also dead; also a rat, but he shared the fate of his predecessors. Being now well nigh exhausted, to their great joy, they discovered at a distance, a muskrat, which they also hailed, and sent him on the same errand. The Indians say the time seemed very, very long, (here many motions and gestures are made.) He at length came, bringing up with him a lump of earth, about as large as a hickory nut. The Ojibwah seized it eagerly, and crumbled it upon the surface of the water, patting it again and again with his hands, until it became a small island, upon which he obtained a foothold; dragging up his wicked, but well nigh drowned squaw. This continued to enlarge until it became a new earth. But every thing was changed; it was unlike the Beautiful Garden that they before inhabited; they took their fish by toil, and their game by chase.

The Ojibwah considers that he is the only rightful owner of the soil. They hold their female in contempt, in consequence of that unguarded blow which the squaw gave the obtrusive snake."

The above was related by the Rev. Mr. Bardwell, in substance, at a missionary meeting held in the Tremont Temple, in Boston. He also stated that drunkenness and all the sins that follow in its train, prevail universally among the unchristianised fe-

males. The number of the tribe is estimated at twenty thousand. They are divided into bands, numbering from fifty to one hundred and fifty. They are scattered in Michigan, Western Michigan, and Upper Canada. It is not thought they possess minds susceptible of as high cultivation as other tribes; among several of the bands their condition has been greatly improved, through the instrumentality of our missionaries.

There are two stations at the Sault St. Marie, for the benefit of this tribe; one has been established twenty-two years, the other more recently; one Baptist, the other Methodist. Mr. and Mrs. Brockway, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrus, from the Methodist E. Church, have labored faithfully and successfully there. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were the first missionaries sent by the Baptist Board; the many sacrifices that they have made, and the good that they have done, Eternity alone will unfold. Great honor is due to the Methodist Episcopal Church, for its faithful labors among the northwestern tribes. It has scattered the good seed among many of the tribes, that have been passed over and seemingly forgotten by other denominations. May the God of missions hold up their hands and bless their labors, their zeal, and their devotion. Notwithstanding the many souls that have been given them, as seals for their hire, that will shine like the stars in the firmament, in the

crown of their rejoicing, still the Macedonian cry is heard, "Come over and help us!"

In the Methodist Episcopal Seminary, at Albion, Michigan, there are several Indian girls to be educated. They are very studious, and will be of great use to their tribes; they are anxious to learn the manners and customs of the whites, that they may be enabled to communicate them to their mothers and sisters at home. May they induce many others to follow their example.

In a recent letter from the Sault, I learned that the Methodist Schools were in successful operation. A description of this well known resort, cannot fail to interest the reader.

The falls of St. Mary, or the Sault, as it is called, are but eight hours of steam sailing from Mackinaw, and a steamer runs regular between the places.

It is two hundred and four years since Raymbolt first saw the falls of St. Mary. In a birch bark canoe, he led the first expedition West—he passed over the beautifully clear waters, and between the thickly clustering, archipelagoes of Lake Huron, and ascending the river, reached the rapids at the foot of Lake Superior, October 4, 1641. He found there, 2000 Indians.

In 1635, Father Claude Alloues reached the Sault. He admired the beautiful river, with its woody isles and beautiful bays, and informs us that the savages

worshipped the Lake as a divinity. He sailed along the great Lake, passed the "pictured rocks," built a chapel, and we are told, the Indians, who never before saw a white man, came to gaze upon him, and his picture of hell and the last judgment, and he taught them to chant the pater and the ave.

In 1671, a congress of the nations met here; it was a most singular and extraordinary congress of native Americans, and brilliantly clad officers of the veteran armies of France. On this spot, one hundred and seventy-four years ago, were congregated the envoys of the wild republicans, from the head springs of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Red River, and formally acknowledged themselves under the protection of the French King. The imposing ceremony is thus described:

"A cross of cedar was raised amid the groves of maple, and pine, and hemlock, that are strangely intermingled on the beautiful banks of the St. Mary, where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness, as they hurry past the dark evergreen of the tufted islands in the channel. The zealous missionaries, and steel clad soldiery, bowed before the cross, and chanted to its glory:

'The banners of Heaven's King advance. The mystery of the cross shine forth.'

As early as 1688, the Sault was a place of great and favourite resort by the traders and voyagers on

their way from Mackinaw to Lake Superior. At this present time, this ancient congress ground of the Aborigines, has a fort, a fur-trading establishment, a small cluster of dwellings, and a mixed population of English, French, and half-breeds,—in all not exceeding one-half the number of native Americans found here two hundred years ago. As Mackinaw was the head quarters, and the Sault a favourite stopping place for the traders a century ago, so now is the isle of Beauty the rendezvous, and St. Mary's the resting place of eager enterprise and scientific adventurers."

I copy from my Journal, a brief account of my visit to the Ottawas, in July, 1847. This tribe of Indians, formerly resided at the Grand Rapids, Michigan. In 1826, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Slater, of Manchester, Mass., left the comforts of home and civilization, to labor among the heathen of the far west. They were sent out under the direction of the Board of Home Missions; their journey from Detroit to the Rapids, the distance of two hundred miles, was attended with many inconveniences. Mrs. S. performed most of the journey on horseback, fording rivers, and crossing marshes, accompanied with many dangers. They labored successfully at the Rapids, until the tribe sold their reserve to the government of the United States. Mrs. S., while there, had the charge of the school, often numbering thirty

or forty scholars, with but one assistant; and at the same time, had not only the charge, but performed the labor of the domestic department, besides visiting from house to house, giving instructions to the females relative to their household affairs, teaching them spinning, knitting and sewing. Mr. S. applied himself to the study of the language with great success; he reads and translates as if it were his vernacular tongue.

After the sale of their lands, many of them were unwilling to leave their teachers; about one hundred families went with Mr. and Mrs. Slater, and settled in Kalamazo county on a tract of land purchased by them. And here I find myself in the midst of an Indian village, visiting from house to house in company with my now foster-mother, Mrs. VanDemark, the aborigines of our country; Mrs. V. was an early associate and friend of Mrs. Slater. They had not met for several years, and had been subjected to many changes. Mrs. S. was quite overcome; they had just buried a very promising son; they have six children, and this is the first they had lost. He was the youngest, and seemed to them as Joseph did to Jacob, a favorite child. They seemed to realize that this bitter cup had been rung out to them by the hand of their heavenly Father. They now look upon him as a spotless cherub before the

throne, praising him who had thus far led them through their weary pilgrimage.

The troubles of this family have rested with great weight upon my mind. Death has made such frightful inroads in my family, that I have a right to mourn with those who are called to drink of the wormwood and the gall. I am this evening sensible that death is a commissioned angel; but in witnessing the grief of this dear family, he appears a monster disregarding the tender ties that bind heart to heart. How consoling the thought, that we shall soon be reunited, and our love be no more carnal, but spiritual.

20th. This day visited the Indian school taught by Mr. S. There were about twenty-five scholars present; among them, were several adults. On entering the house, my attention was attracted by the sobs of one of the pupils. I was informed by the teacher, that he had sent him home for his testament; his savage father had beaten him cruelly, and sent him back without it. His teacher spoke in a very kind voice to him, although I could not understand what he said. I heard several of the pupils read, both in English and Indian, then left with the sobs of the Indian boy ringing in my ears. How little do the children of civilized parents realize the blessings they enjoy. I wish they might become more acquainted with the sufferings of the native children; this would be an impetus to them in their pursuits

after knowledge. While we were assembled in the sitting room of the missionary family, the boy came in with a noiseless step, bringing his book that he had obtained from his cruel father ; his ear was swollen, and face bloody from the blows he had received. He read to us, in a low, subdued voice ; my sympathies were all enlisted for him ; my tears flowed unbidden. It is my earnest prayer this night, that God would haste the time when he would "give the heathen to his Son for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

21st. This day I visited an Indian family ; we did not enter their dwellings, but several of them were sitting outside of the door. Their industry might have shamed many a professed Christian. One of them was piecing a bedquilt ; Mrs. V. examined it and said it was well done. Mrs. S. has exerted a happy and beneficial influence over this woman ; she now makes her family more comfortable than many white mothers ; we could not talk with her because we had no interpreter.

This afternoon I attended an Ottawa anxious meeting, and conversed with them, through the medium of their teacher, of the importance of giving their hearts to the Great Spirit ; they conversed freely and appeared very solemn ; I urged upon them the necessity of entire abstinence from alcohol. The most of those present were females ; two of them



spoke of the responsibility that rested upon them as mothers, imploring divine aid in training their children. In sickness and trouble, Mr. and Mrs. S. are always applied to.

I also visited the grave of the celebrated Indian chief, Noon-day. I felt awed, as I approached the grave of this once Pagan chief. No stone or monument marks the spot where he lies. He embraced the truths of the gospel several years before he died; and greatly endeared himself to his people and to the missionaries. He was a pillar in the church, and it might well be said of him, 'a great man is fallen.' When my hand rested upon his humble grave, my thoughts winged their way beyond this vale of tears, to the spirit land, where the bond and the free, red and white, are relieved from pain and suffering. It was to me a pleasing reflection, that his spirit did not rest beneath the sod that covered his dust, but had soared to those mansions that Christ had prepared before the foundation of the world. The Great Spirit will watch over his dust, and in the morning of the resurrection it will be quickened, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. He looked not forward to the spirit world as thousands of his countrymen, with the vague hope of the Indian's unbounded hunting ground, where the wild deer and elk, the bear and panther would become his easy prey. He look-

ed forward to a brighter scene, to a more enduring substance ; by faith he could see the forty and four thousand that had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How bright must he shine in the crowns of those, whom God was pleased to use as instruments in turning him from heathen darkness, and taught him to 'beat his sword into the ploughshare, and his spear into the pruning hook.' The whole Indian settlement have renounced their superstitions, and united in the stated worship of God. The Indians not included in the colony are advancing in civilization, and have resolved to 'conform to the customs of the white people.'"

The following letter was written by Mr. Tucker in anticipation of his early removal from the Creek mission, in consequence of the sickness of Mrs. T.

"In taking leave of my field of labors among the Creeks, I shall feel many a pang. Under my ministry many of them have been brought to hope in Christ, and more of them have been buried by me with Christ in baptism. Their kindness, their unfeigned faith in Christ, their zeal, yea, their sufferings for Christ, have endeared them to my heart. Besides, the knowledge that I have acquired of their country, location, desires and wants, has made me slow to believe that I ought to leave them. But after watching for the openings of Providence, and earnestly praying to the great Head of the church,

I am constrained to believe it is my duty ; and painful as is the separation, fatiguing as may be my journey, and great as must necessarily be my temporal sacrifices, I feel that my duty calls me away. I greatly rejoice that the state of the churches are improved, and that religion in the nation is evidently on the increase. Since the date of my last, I have baptized six, four natives and two colored.

“ At my last date, I informed you of an appointment on the Deep Fork of the Canadian river, among the Seminoles, on the third Sabbath of February. In this I was disappointed ; they have concluded a new treaty with the government, and at the time of my appointment, being on their way to their new location, on the waters of Little River of the Canadians. If they are visited soon after their arrival, I have no doubt they can soon be gathered, and organized into a separate church. My last visit to the Creeks was one of peculiar interest. The second Sabbath in February I preached on the Arkansas, to a very large and attentive audience. On Wednesday I went to Elk Creek, to preach to a branch of the second church. I had heard that five had been whipped on the North Fork, for attending meeting. I made arrangements to fulfil my appointment for the third Sabbath, and went over to see the brethren on that river. I arrived at brother Island’s on Saturday evening, and found it even as I had heard. Of the

five who had been whipped, three were Baptists and two Methodists. I visited some of the afflicted, and found them very happy. They were still confined to their houses, but they said prayer never was so sweet, nor did the salvation of sinners appear so precious as at that time; nor had they felt the least disposition to take revenge on their persecutors. One, a sister, died a few days after, from the effects, I am informed, of her whipping. But from none of them could they extort a promise to forsake their religion; a source of great chagrin to their enemies, but of rejoicing to the brethren and sisters who were so fortunate as to escape. The fervent prayers of Christians in view of their sufferings, reminded me of Peter's imprisonment by Herod, when prayer was made for him without ceasing.

"Brother Island informed me that Rev. Joseph Smedley had had an appointment for the next day, the third Sabbath of the month; and that he and brother Walker, a deacon of the church in the Choctaw Nation, had left, and would not be back. I inquired why he left. He said the only reason he gave was the opposition of the rulers, and a fear that if he stayed, it would exasperate them more. I inquired if they intended to give up public meetings. He said no; and asked me if I dared to preach to them. I told him I dare, and would, if they would come together; that I had taught them that through much

tribulation they must enter into the kingdom ; that they must bear the cross and despise the shame, if they would enjoy the smiles of God ; that for me now to desert them, would look too much, to say the least, like imposing upon them burdens I was unwilling to bear myself. Accordingly, at candle-light, he blew his horn, the accustomed signal for meeting, and about one hundred assembled. T'hrough brother Island, I read and preached to them from Heb. xi. 32—40. Illustrating, for edification and comfort, the nature of true and saving faith, its necessity, and its attendant blessings here and hereafter. I never enjoyed a more pleasant flow of words, ideas, or feelings, or saw a more attentive audience. All present but four were natives. At the close, I remarked that God alone could give them rest from their persecutions, that humble prayer was the best means to secure his help, and that to this end we should have a season of prayer, in which I hoped a number would engage vocally, and all mentally ; and that, if there were any present who had not hope in God, they had the opportunity to express it, by taking a certain bench, if they desired special prayer by the church for them. Eighteen men and women immediately took the seat. After a few remarks to them, we bowed in prayer. It was truly the house of God and the gate of heaven. The only noise was the voice of the brother pleading in prayer, and the sighing of

the anxious. We could now and then hear the whoop of the enemy, but they were permitted to come no farther. The next Sabbath we met at the meeting-house, about five miles from brother Island's. Here also I preached to a large and attentive audience, from Matt. xxiv. 19. Language is too poor to describe the solemnity and deep feeling visible through the whole exercise. At night, I preached again, at brother Island's house; it was filled to overflowing. Monday morning I started for the Arkansas, visiting and preaching in the different neighborhoods on the route. On the next Sabbath I preached in the meeting-house of the second church, from 1 Tim. ii: 14, 15. This was also a refreshing time from the presence of the Lord. I dwelt principally on practical duties. Here, at the close, I baptized five, including four natives.

"The next day I called on some of the principal chiefs; they assured me that Gen. McIntosh had sent orders to stop the persecutions, and that if any more should be troubled, the person ordering it should pay a heavy fine. I trust the persecutions from the rulers, that caused our brethren to resist even unto blood, is stayed. It is a matter of rejoicing to me, to hope that whoever comes after me, (as I hope some one will soon,) they will have less difficulty to encounter, and a larger and more productive field of labor. The advantage gained, I hope will not be lost for the

want of a laborer. The sufferings of the brethren, their steadfastness, and the evident blessing of God on their efforts, convince me that it is the duty of the church to sustain this station. It surely must be our duty to work while God works with us; and the greater the opposition of the wicked, and the more manifest the interference of the divine favor, the more evident must be our duty to make exertion, and even sacrifices, for the promotion of the cause."

### INDIAN HYMN.

Go ye; the gospel trumpet blow!  
Ye watchmen on the wall;  
Let every kindred know,  
On every nation call;  
Go, call the Indian from the wood,  
And point him to his Saviour God!  
O'er rocky mountains you must go,  
And widest prairies cross;  
And every roving tribe must know  
Who bled upon the cross.  
Go call, &c.

The warriors lay their weapons down,  
Their bows they now unstring;  
With patient care they till the ground,  
And flowers of beauty spring.  
Go call, &c.

In secret now they humbly kneel,  
Before their God they bow;  
Their savage hearts now pity feel,  
They love their brother now.  
Go call, &c.

No savage yell we then shall hear,  
Through all the western wild ;  
The gospel's joyful trump shall cheer  
The tawny Indian child.  
Go call, &c.

The voice of prayer we then shall hear,  
As we the wigwam pass ;  
And countless songs of praises cheer,  
The Indian's sweet repast.  
Go call, &c.

When one consecrates himself upon the altar of his country's good, and evinces his devotion to its interests, by heroic achievements and self-sacrificing efforts for its advancement in intellectual and political greatness, we call him a patriot. When living, he commands the love and respect of the virtuous. When dead, the panegyrist praises him, the bard throws rich laurels around him in the numbers of his verse, the historian chronicles his acts on the page of a nation's deeds, and his memory is enbalm-ed in the grateful recollections of the people whom his benefactions have blest.

All, however, that is great and good in the character and deeds of the patriot, as such, is confined to the present—to the simple augmentation of his country's weal in time. Now, if a patriotism which relates only to the present, thus commands the regard and admiration of the wise and the virtuous, what place ought the patriotism of the pious and



unobtrusive missionary of the cross to hold in the affections and the cherished remembrances of Christians; yea, of the world itself? The patriotism of the one develops itself in the daring exploits of the battle field, amid its gore and its carnage, its tears and its groans, its shouts and its blasphemies; the patriotism of the other shows itself in carrying the message of peace to hearts averse to righteousness; in persuading men to love their fellows, not to hate them; to respect their rights, and not to trample them in the dust. If the patriotism of the one conquers threatening foes by the might of the sword and embattled hosts—the patriotism of the other conquers them by the simple and yet mightily potent power of heavenly truth; and instead of summoning martial hosts to its aid, it goes forth single-handed, and, in the name and strength of Christ, subdues the hearts of the hostile and unholy. The patriotism of the one in its utmost stretch, goes not beyond the geographical limits of a nation—the patriotism of the other, in its far-reaching grasp, comprehends the world—the one regards a few men, the other the whole race—one includes the interests of one world, the other the interests of two worlds. One is written in the perishable records of national history, the other is written in the imperishable book of God's remembrance. One shall be forgotten, the other shall be "held in everlasting remembrance."

Thus different is the patriotism of the hero and the statesman, and that of the missionary. In reading the stirring details of the heroes of ancient times—the Cæsars, the Hannibals, and the Scipios—and the exploits of the chieftains of modern times—the Bonapartes, the Nelsons, the Lafayettes, the Washingtons, the Scotts, and the Taylors—we have wondered at their courage and their prowess; we have felt, in looking upon them, somewhat as we do when standing upon a field of ice, amid the splendors of moonlight—the rays dazzle us by their bright reflections, but they contain no warmth to drive back the chillness of night. But when we read of the patriotic labors of the Pauls, and the Peters, of the primitive church—the Martyns, the Careys, the Wards, and the Boardmans of our own times; and may we not add a few names of the illustrious female veterans of the cross, such as the Judsons, the Comstocks, the Macombera, the Abbotts, the Shucks, the Deana, and the Devans; and when the glory of their spiritual achievements pour its rays around us, we not only wonder, but our hearts are affected, and holy emotions warmed into life.

Who of our readers has listened to the appeals of those devoted missionaries who have recently arrived from abroad, Kincaid, Dean and Abbott, and not felt that what men call national patriotism, is a puny and ignoble thing, when compared with the aims, and

ends, and results of that patriotism which breathes its heavenly spirit into the self-denying labors of the Christian missionary? You have read of military glory, and have had spread out before you the profound investigations of political sages; but when were you made better by them? You have listened to the simple and graphic delineations of the missionary—his toils, his sacrifices, and his difficulties; the darkness, the degradation, and the wretchedness of heathenism—and your souls have been made holier; you have been invigorated and strengthened anew, for the performance of the holy charities of that religion, which breathes “peace on earth and good will to men.”

## CHAPTER V.

I would, were it in my power, breathe into the souls of mothers a burning zeal for the nations, who are “sitting in darkness and the valley of the shadow of death.” Imbued with such a spirit, your influence, Christian mother, would be salutary. You would pour into the minds of the young and rising generation, instruction that would prepare them for future usefulness. I would not accuse you of wanton neglect! But let me ask you, with the kindest feelings, if you take that deep interest in the moral cultivation of your little ones, that Heaven requires?

“Have you not something more to do? Is there not some great duty which you have overlooked; some covenant which you have made with your Lord, yet unfulfilled?” An answer will be found, if we look upon the children of Christian parents, who have professed to dedicate their all to God, but, to a great extent, have neglected to educate their offspring for the express purpose of serving Christ in the advancement of his kingdom. Said a Christian mother, whose heart is deeply interested in this subject, “I fear that many of us think that parental duty is limited to labors for the salvation of our children; that we may have prayed for them only that they may be saved; instructed them only that they might be saved. Infinitely important, indeed, it is, that they should be saved. But if ardent desires for the glory of our Redeemer, and the salvation of souls glowed in our hearts like an inextinguishable flame, our most earnest prayers, from their very birth, would be, that they might not only be saved themselves, but be instrumental in saving others.”

So far as the service of Christ has been contemplated, it appears to have been regarded as consisting in becoming a Christian; professing religion; taking care of one's own soul; maintaining a reputable standing in the church; wishing well to the cause of Christ; giving as much as is convenient for its advancement; and, finally, taking a pious leave of the

world, to go and be happy in heaven. Thus, "one generation passeth away, and another cometh" to live and die in the same manner. And truly the earth might "abide forever," and the mass of its population still lie in ruin, should all Christians continue to live thus. There is need, then, of an appeal to Christian parents, in view of the present condition of the world. You give your prayers and a portion of your money; but, as said the Christian already quoted, "What affectionate parent does not love his children more than his money? and why should not these living treasures be given to Christ?" This "seeking our own, not the things which are Christ's," must cease, if the world is ever to be converted. We must act, and teach our children to act more faithfully, according to that Scripture, "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again."

Let us be understood. We do not say, dedicate your children to the cause of missions exclusively, or to any field of benevolence. You must leave their assignment to "the Lord of the harvest." He will appoint them to stations, public or private; to spheres of extended or limited influence, as shall "seem good in his sight." Your duty is to do all which is comprehended in the injunction "bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the

Lord;" assured that the time will come when it will be said to you by the voice of Providence, respecting each, "the Lord hath need of him," and he will be led to that station in which the Lord will be pleased to bless him. And whether it prove a retired and lowly, or a public and eminent one, be assured of this, he will find work enough assigned him, and responsibilities enough laid upon him, to keep him at the footstool, seeking grace to strengthen him, and to require the anxious and diligent employment of all his powers while life shall last.

It is, then, an interesting inquiry, Christian parents, "What qualifications will best prepare your children to be efficient servants of Christ?" There are many—pertaining to the heart, the mind, and the physical constitution. First of all, piety. They must fervently love Christ and his kingdom; heartily consecrate themselves to his service; and be ready for any self-denial, sacrifice, or work to which he may call. Eminent piety it must be, "counting all things but loss for Christ."

Said one, now the wife of an American missionary, "To make and receive visits, exchange friendly salutations, attend to one's wardrobe, cultivate a garden, read good and entertaining books, and even attend religious meetings for one's own enjoyment,—all this does not satisfy me. I want to be where every arrangement will have unreserved and con-

stant reference to eternity. On missionary ground I expect to find new and unlooked for trials and hinderances; still, it is my choice to be there, and so far from looking upon it as a difficult task to sacrifice my home and country, I feel as if I should 'flee as a bird to her mountain.'"

A piety which thus glows and prays to live, labor and suffer for Christ, is the first and grand qualification to be sought in your child. It is necessary to act efficiently for Christ any where, at home or abroad, in an elevated or a lowly sphere. The Lord Jesus has no work adapted to Christians who live at the "poor dying rate" with which so many are content. It is all work for them that are "strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus," and willing and determined to be "faithful, even unto death."

Intellectual qualifications. It is a great mistake of some, that moderate qualifications will suffice for "the work of Christ." Shall Christians be satisfied with these, in the business of the Redeemer's kingdom, when the men of the world are not in their concerns? Be cautious of perverting dependence on Divine aid, by trusting to warmth of heart to compensate for lack of knowledge. The injunction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind," applies to the service as well as love of him. Your child will need a well balanced and cultivated mind as really as a pious heart. Let his desires to

do good never be frustrated through your neglect of his intellectual education. We are not saying, send all your sons to college, and your daughters to female seminaries; but prepare them to deal with minds under the dominion of sin any where; having intellectual qualifications not to be despised.

Qualifications pertaining to the physical constitution. The interests of religion have suffered enough through the breaking down of constitutions, and the premature deaths of promising young men. Do not dedicate a feeble, sickly son to the ministry, because he is not sufficiently robust for some secular employment or profession. No men more need iron constitutions than ministers and missionaries. "If ye offer the lame and the sick for sacrifice, is it not evil? Offer it now to thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?" You have a daughter whom Providence may call to the self-denials of a missionary life. Do not nurse her in the lap of enervating indulgence, and allow her to follow habits and fashions injurious to health, and to become a "tender and delicate woman, that will not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for very delicateness and tenderness;" and who will be at the sport of a morbid sensibility, or a disordered, nervous temperament. Will you be satisfied with such an offering to the King of Zion? Will it be kindness to her, who may be called to suffer



much, and will want all the capacity for endurance, as well as action, which can be acquired in a most thorough, physical education? No! dedicate "to Christ and the church" your "young men that are strong," and prepare your daughters to be companions for such in labors and sufferings for Christ.

Thus far for qualifications. We come now to speak more particularly of the duties of parents in training sons and daughters for the service of Christ.

First. Pray much, respecting your great work. "Who is sufficient for these things?" well may you say. But, says God, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Keep near the throne of grace, with this great subject weighing upon your spirit. Half your work is to be done in your closet. If you fail there, you will fail in all you do out of it. You must have wisdom from above, in training servants for the Most High. Commune with God, respecting the particular case of each of your children. While you do this, you will obtain views of duty which human wisdom never can attain; and feel motives which will be no where else rightly appreciated. In the final day, there will, doubtless, be disclosures of transactions of Christian parents with God, respecting their children, which will delightfully explain the secret of their devotedness and usefulness. There will then be known more than can now, respecting the prayers of mothers, especially. The mother of Mills

had some peculiar exercises in her closet, respecting him, which help to account for his remarkable usefulness. The interesting fact is stated in one of our religious journals, that "of one hundred and twenty students in one of our theological seminaries, more than one hundred had been borne by a mother's prayers, and directed by a mother's counsels, to the Saviour." See what prayer can do. "Be instant in prayer."

Cultivate a tender sense of parental accountability. God holds you accountable for the character of your children, so far as fidelity in the use of means is concerned. You are to give account in the day of judgment for what you do, or neglect to do, for the right formation of your children's characters. You may so educate them, that, by the sanctifying grace of God, they will be the instruments of salvation to hundreds, yea, thousands; and through your neglect of them, hundreds, thousands, may be lost, and their blood be required at your hands. You cannot divest yourself of this responsibility. You must act under it, and meet it "in the judgment." Remember this with godly fear, and yet encourage yourself in the Lord. If faithful in the closet, and in doing what you there acknowledge your duty, you will find sustaining grace. And the thought will be delightful, as well as solemn, "I am permitted to

train these immortals to glorify God in the salvation of souls."

Have a devoted spirit yourself. Your soul must be in health and prosperity, and must burn with love to Christ and his kingdom ; and all your instructions be enforced by a godly example, if you would lead your children to live devotedly. The father of a large family, most of them pious, was asked, "What means have you employed with your children?" "I have endeavored so to live," said he, "as to show them that it was my own grand purpose to go to heaven, and to take them along with me."

Give religious instruction early. Watch opportunities for this, in every stage of childhood. Early impressions will last through life, when later ones fade away. Said an American missionary, "I recollect particularly, that once my mother came and stood by me as I sat in the door, and tenderly talked to me of God and my soul's concerns ; and her tears dropped upon my head. That made me a missionary." Cecil says, "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. I was wretched by myself. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man ; it harrasses him ; it throws itself continually in his way." John Newton never could divest himself of the impressions of his mother's instructions.

Seek the early conversion of your children. Regard every day of their continuance out of Christ, as an increase of their danger and guilt. "A mother," says a missionary, "who had brought up a large family, all of whom had become hopefully pious, was asked what means she had used for their conversion. She replied, 'I have felt that, if not converted before seven or eight years of age, they would probably be lost; and when they have approached that age, have been in agony lest they should pass it impenitent; and have gone to the Lord with my anguish. He has not turned away my prayers, nor his mercy from me.'" Pray for this: "Arise, cry out in the night; in the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord; lift up thine hands toward Him, for the life of thy young children." Hope for the early bestowment of divine grace from such promises as these: "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessings upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, and as rivers by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand, and shall surname himself by the name of Israel." The history of some families is a delightful fulfilment of this promise. Young hearts are the best in which to lay, deep and broad, the foundations of usefulness. There is no hope that

your child will do any thing for Christ, till you can see him at the foot of the cross, repenting, believing, devoting himself.

It is supposed by some, that religion cannot enter a child's mind ; that it demands maturity of years to "repent and believe the gospel." A Christian child, therefore, seems often regarded as a prodigy ; and grace in a young soul, a dispensation of divine mercy too unusual to be expected in the use of common means. "Parents," said a mother, "labor and pray prospectively for the conversion of their children." "We have seen parents weeping over deceased children of four, five, six and seven years of age, who seemed to feel no solicitude whether they had died in a safe, spiritual state, nor self-reproach for neglect to labor for their conversion. It is an interesting fact, and a serious one in its bearing upon parental neglect, that children under the age of four years have been known to feel deep convictions of sin against God, and of their ruined state ; and to sorrow for sin, believe on Christ, fix their affections on God, and to exhibit all the evidences of grace seen in persons of adult years."

The late Mrs. Huntington, writing to her son, says her biographer, "speaks of having a distinct remembrance of a solemn consultation in her mind, when about nine years old, whether it was best to be a Christian then or not, and of having come to the de-

cision that it was not." The biographies of Jane Way, and numerous others, forbid the idea that religion in a young heart is a miracle, and show that parents have to be anxious lest their young children die without hope, as well as to be encouraged to seek their early conversion.

We should be cautious of unreasonable distrust of apparent conversions of children. Watch over the little disciple affectionately, faithfully. His tender years plead for more careful and tender protection. Give him not occasion to say "I have been neglected, because supposed too young to be a Christian." True, parents and pastors have been often disappointed in children seemingly converted. But the day of judgment may reveal that there have been more cases of undetected deception and hypocrisy in adults, than disappointments respecting children supposed pious. Childhood is more guileless than manhood; sooner, perhaps always, throws off the mask, if it be but the mask of religion; and is again open to conviction—perhaps becomes converted.—Manhood, more cautious, deceitful, adventurous in false profession, wears the mask, shuts out conviction, cries "peace and safety," and goes on decently, solemnly, formally, down to hell.

Desire the early conversion of your children, that they may have the longest possible time in this world to serve Christ. If "the dew of our youth" be de-

voted to God, advancing years are sure to be marked with proportionate maturity of Christian character and fitness for more efficient labors for Christ.

Maintain familiar Christian intercourse with your children. Converse with them as freely and affectionately on religious subjects as on others. If you are a warm hearted and prosperous Christian, you will do this naturally and easily. Let religious intimacy be interwoven with your whole family habits. You will thus know how to counsel, caution, reprove, encourage; you will know what advances they make; what is the "reason of the hope that is in them;" for what particular department of service for Christ they are fitted. And if they die early, or before you, then you will have the consolation of having watched, and known the progress of their preparation to "depart and be with Christ."

Place and keep before the mind of your child, as the great object for which he should live, the glory of God and the salvation of men. We do much to give direction to the mind, and form the character of the man, by placing an object, for life, before him. Men of the world know and act on this principle. So should the Christian. The object above named, is the only one worthy of an immortal and renewed soul, and prepares the way for the noblest elevation of character. It will raise him above living to himself, and constrain him to fidelity in his Lord's ser-

vice. Teach him to lay at the foot of the cross, attainments, eminence, influence, honor, wealth—all things; and to live in the desire, "Father, glorify thy name."

Choose instructors for your children with great care. Know to whose influence you commit the son or daughter of your vows. You have a great and sacred object to accomplish. The teachers of your children must be such as will aid you in that object. Correct, moral character in a teacher, is not enough. This is often allied with the most dangerous religious opinions. Your child should be placed under the care of a self-dedicated teacher, who will feel, in relation to his charge, "I am to aid this parent in training a servant for Christ." In your choice of a school, or seminary of learning, never be governed merely by its reputation as literary, fashionable, popular; irrespective of the possibility that its atmosphere may have no vitality from decided religious influence—may even be poisoned by erroneous religious views in the instructors. Respecting sending a daughter to a Catholic convent for education, said a judicious pastor to a parishioner, "If you do not wish your daughter to be burned, you must not put her into the fire." A widow was offered the education of one of her sons at a university where prevailed the influence of Unitarianism. She declined the offer, trusting in God to enable her to accomplish it



in a safer situation. Her firmness and faith were rewarded with success. Christian mothers, your prayers, your best efforts may all be frustrated by the influence of a teacher who has no religion.

The light literature with which our country is flooded, cannot but unfit the mind for studies, of a higher and more solid character. Solid reading is at the present time too much neglected ; even in some of our most respectable academies, the reading of the pupil, is that of a most deleterious nature. Teachers should be exceedingly careful in the character of the books which their pupils select. But instructors would, in a measure, be freed from this responsibility, if mothers, properly educated, would exert over their children, especially their daughters, that influence which no other can do so well.

## CHAPTER VI.

A brighter view of female influence cannot be presented to the reader, than the following coincidence of Mrs. Newton, of England. "This lady was left a widow, and in indigent circumstances, with an only son, whom she endeavored to train up with pious care and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, instilling into his young and tender mind those principles, which, like a bright star, followed him through years of dissipation and profligacy. She was accus-

tomed, when he was a small boy, to pray daily with him, with her hand resting upon his head. He grew up to manhood, and through the influence of wicked companions, became notoriously wicked.

"In early life he went to sea and brought upon himself a multitude of evils, corrupting and being corrupted, by his heaven-daring associates. He at length was taken sick on the coast of Africa, and brought to the borders of the grave. Being left to suffer, without the aid of sympathising friends, all was dark; there was no angel of mercy to administer to his temporal or spiritual wants. He became alarmed in view of his unfitness for death, judgment or eternity. The prayers, the tears, the counsels and instructions of his pious mother, though for years forgotten, now burst upon his affrighted soul with all the vividness of the past. He seemed to see his mother in her devotional attitude, and fancied he felt the pressure of her hand upon his head, as she poured out her soul to God in fervent prayer for him. He was convicted of sin, and sought pardon of God through the merits of a crucified Saviour, and found relief in his atoning blood.

"He returned to his native country, and applied himself diligently to those studies that would best qualify him for the great work of the ministry. He wielded the sword of the Spirit with great success; and among the many bright trophies of his labors

was the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, whose ministry and writings have saved thousands. From his unfathom-  
ed mind he brought forth to the world things both  
new and old; and He, who knoweth all things, alone  
can tell the amount of good he has done. Among  
the bright gems he was instrumental in bringing to  
light, was Rev. Dr. Thomas Scott, whose commen-  
taries have so long been the theologian's guide. Dr.  
Scott's ministry was instrumental in the conversion  
of Claudius Buchanan, who went to India in the ser-  
vice of the British East India Company. While  
there, his spirit was moved with the desolations of  
the Indies, and the condition of those, which we  
have endeavored to lay before our readers; and he  
published a work called 'The Star in the East,' for  
the purpose of awakening a missionary enterprise.  
This silent messenger winged its way from India to  
America, and took up its abode in Andover Semina-  
ry. The influence of which, on the minds of Jud-  
son, Gordon, Hall, and others, is seen to have induc-  
ed them to decide on a foreign mission."

Now trace the good resulting from the labors of  
Judson, back through the concatenation of events,  
to the mother of John Newton, and see the result of  
female influence in a single case.

"I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon.  
In a few moments it spread over the expanse of  
heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower.

I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley, and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, and the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time, it spread its branches, and became a shelter from the heat, 'and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches.' "

"I saw a smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the book of the classics under his arm, walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath School, and heard him saying to a group that surrounded him, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' In a few months, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of 'righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come.' I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name of Immanuel. Her hair was whitened with the frost of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her

brow, and heaven beamed in her eye, glistening with a tear ; and I thought I saw in that tear the movings of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring, in child-like simplicity, the way to be good ; and I said, this is the rich harvest of a mother's toil ; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping. And your gray hairs shall not be 'brought down in sorrow to the grave,' but, in the bower of rest, you shall look down on him who 'will arise and call you blessed,' and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise."

The man is what his mother makes him. And the biography of distinguished persons has convinced me of the verity of the sentiment, and I use it now as a note of admonition to mothers, or rather as a mirror in which the mother may see reflected her vast responsibility.

I took up the life of Byron in order to discover, if possible, the origin of those dark traits so prominent in his character, and so banefully diffused throughout his works. Byron was early left under the entire control of an unprincipled mother, who fostered the pride, and cherished the selfishness of her son, while she cruelly wounded his sensibility by unnatural remarks on his natural deformity of person. This in-

justice of his mother, for a defect beyond the power of his control, begat in his sensitive bosom the feelings of an outcast; he felt himself unjustly the object of contempt, and his wounded pride arrayed itself in hostility to mankind. The more he indulged himself in his misanthropy, the more he became absorbed in self, until his own character, sorrows and vices, became the grand object of his thoughts, the centre of his affections, and his only theme for song. Hence, we see one after another of the darkest shades of his own, interwoven and personified in his poems, while the sublimity and terrific grandeur of the natural scenery, surrounding his own "Newstead Abbey," formed the back ground of all his poetical pencillings.

What a responsibility rests on the mother of such a son! And who can but deplore that his giant mind, so capable of blessing the world, should be left to so wild and perilous developments, without the purifying influences of Christian principles, and under the control of a pernicious superstition! Who can wonder at the waywardness of his mighty intellect, or that he has left behind him so imperishable monuments of unsanctified genius, and of the cruel spoliations of maternal influences! Byron was what the mother made him.

"Take one example; to our purpose quite,  
A man of rank, and of capacious soul;

Who riches had, and fame beyond desire ;  
An heir of flattery, to titles born,  
And reputation, and luxurious life.  
Yet not content with ancestral name ;  
Or to be known, because his fathers were ;  
Here on this height hereditary stood,  
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart  
To take another step. Above him seemed  
Alone the mount of Song—the lofty seat  
Of Canonized bards ; and thitherward,  
By nature taught, and inward melody,  
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.  
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read ;  
What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,  
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,  
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,  
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,  
And maids, as dew-drops, pure and fair, his soul  
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.  
Then travail came, and took him where he wished,  
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;  
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows ;  
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought  
In other days ; and mused on ruins gray  
With years, and drank from old and fabulous wells,  
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,  
And mused on famous tombs ; and on the wave  
Of ocean mused ; and on the desert waste.  
The heavens, and earth, of every country saw ;  
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,  
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,  
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,  
As some vast river of unfailing source,  
Rapid, exhausted, deep, his numbers flowed,  
And opened new fountains in the human heart.  
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,  
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,  
Where angels bashful, looked. Others, tho' great,  
Beneath their argument seemed struggling ; while

He from above descending, stooped to touch  
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as tho'  
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self,  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon the "Ocean's mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks.  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,  
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;  
And wove his garland of the lightning's fiery wing,  
In sportive twist — the lightning's fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed —  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,  
His brothers — younger brothers, whom he scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of all men —  
The wild and tame — the gentle and severe;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;  
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity;  
All that was hated, and all that was dear;  
All that was hoped, and all that was feared by man,  
He tossed about, as tempest, without leaves,  
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering blood;  
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself,  
But back into his soul retired, alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud; gazing contemptuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.  
So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,  
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed;  
So he through learning, and through fancy took  
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top  
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled, and worn  
As if he from the earth had labored up —



But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,  
He looked, which down from higher regions came,  
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised,  
Critics before him fell in humble pight;  
Confounded fell; and made debasing signs  
To catch his eye; and stretched, and swelled themselves  
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words  
Of admiration vast; and many too,  
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,  
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,  
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,  
And praised; and many called his evil good.  
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;  
And kings to do him honor took delight.  
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;  
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—  
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.  
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump  
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts  
That common millions might have quenched—then died  
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.  
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,  
Fell from his arms abhorred; his passions died;  
Died all but dreary solitary pride:  
And all his sympathies in being died.  
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,  
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,  
And then retiring, left it there to rot  
And moulded in the winds and rains of heaven:  
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,  
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge—  
A wandering, weary, worm, and wretched thing;  
Scorched and desolate, and blasted soul;  
A gloomy wildness of dying thought—  
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.  
His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled;  
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!  
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.      POLLOCK.

We will now present to our readers, a brief sketch from the biography of Lady Huntington, whom we have already mentioned. This great peeress and Christian was the daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, was born Aug. 24, 1707, and was married June 3, 1728, to Theophilus, Earl of Huntington, both of which houses bear the royal arms of England, as descendants from her ancient monarchs. When about nine years of age, the sight of a corpse about her own age, carried to the grave, engaged her to attend the funeral, and there the first impressions of deep seriousness about an eternal world, laid hold upon her conscience, and with many tears she cried earnestly to God, on the spot, that whenever he should be pleased to take her away, he would deliver her from all fears, and give her a happy departure. She often afterwards visited the grave, and preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

Though no clear views of divine truths had yet illuminated her mind, she frequently retired to her closet and poured out her heart to God; but a dangerous illness having soon after this, brought her near to the grave, God graciously sanctified the dispensation of his providence, in leading her to renounce every other hope, and venture for salvation wholly upon Jesus Christ. Her disorder speedily took a favorable turn, and she was not only restored to perfect bodily health, but raised up to spiritual

life, and determined to walk in newness of life. The great change thus wrought on her ladyship, became evident to all around her, by her open confession of that faith once delivered to the saints, and by her zealous support of the cause of God, amidst all the reproach with which it was attended.

To the noble circle in which she moved, such professions and conduct appeared wondrously strange; but she had set her face as a flint, and refused to be ashamed of Christ and his cross. There were not wanting some, indeed, who, under pretended friendship, wished Lord Huntington to interpose his authority; but though he differed from his lady in sentiment, he continued to manifest the same affection and respect, yet solicited she would oblige him by conversing with Bishop Benson on the subject, to which request she readily acquiesced.

The venerable Bishop accordingly came, but she pressed him so hard with articles and homilies, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, under the great Head of the Church, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the change wrought in her ladyship. She called him back, saying, "my lord, mark my words, when you come upon your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordina-

tions you will reflect upon with complacency." It deserves noticing, that the Bishop, on his dying bed sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitefield, as a token of his favor and approbation, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers.

Lady Huntington's heart was truly engaged to God, and she resolved, to her best ability, to lay herself out to do good. The poor around her were the natural objects of her bounty. These she relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, and led them to their knees, praying with them and for them. The Prince of Wales, one day in court, asked a lady of fashion, lady Charlotte E——, where lady Huntington was that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of lady Huntington's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven."

During lord Huntington's life, she warmly espoused the cause of God and truth; though her means were circumscribed, and her family engagements demanded much of her time and attention. But on the demise of her Lord, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ, and the souls redeemed by his blood. Her zealous heart embraced all whom she esteemed real Christians, but in her own sentiment was Calvinistic; according to the

literal sense of the articles of the Church of England, and with an intention of usefulness, she opened her house in Park Street, for the preaching of the gospel ; supposing, as a peeress of the realm, that she had an indisputable right to enjoy, as her family chaplains, those ministers of the church whom she patronized. On the week days her kitchen was filled with the poor, and on the Sabbath, the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing room, where Messrs. Whitefield, Romaine, Jones, and others, faithfully addressed to them all the words of this life, and were heard with apparently deep and serious attention.

The illness of her youngest son, which proved fatal, had led her ladyship to Brighton, for the sake of sea-bathing. At this place the following singular fact occurred, which lady Huntington related to Mr. Toplady, and which is published from his own manuscript, in his posthumous works.

"A gentlewoman, who lived in the vicinity of Brighton, dreamed that a tall lady, whose dress she particularly noticed, would come to that town, and be an instrument of doing much good. It was about three years after this dream that lady Huntington went thither ; and one day the above woman met her ladyship in the street ; and on seeing her, said, ' Oh, madam, you are come ! ' Lady Huntington, surprised at the singularity of such an address from an entire

stranger, thought at first the woman was insane. 'What do you know of me?' asked the countess. 'Madam,' replied the person, 'I saw you in a dream three years ago, dressed just as you are now;' and then related the whole dream to her. In consequence of this, an acquaintance immediately formed between them. Lady Huntington was made instrumental to the conversion of her soul, and she died about a year afterwards, in the triumph of faith."

The active spirit of lady Huntington having produced some good among the people, induced her to erect a small chapel close to her house at Brighton. This was the first fruits of her great increase; since which, it has been enlarged a second, a third, and a fourth time. For the erection of this chapel, lady Huntington sold her jewels. The following account of which, cannot fail to interest the reader:

	£.	s.	d.
2 13 ✕ Drops, .....	400	0	0
28 13 ✕ 3 .....	90	0	0
37 Pearls, at £4 15s 5d each, .....	170	15	0
Seed Pearls, .....	10	0	0
Gold Box, .....	23	0	0
	693	15	0

O happy soul, that thus could treat,  
The toys thy sex esteem so high;  
Thou, when God's jewels are complete,  
Shalt shine a diamond in the sky. J. K. F.

"The success attending this first effort, encouraged her greatly. Bath, the resort of fashion, beheld

an elegant and commodious place of worship, raised by the same liberal hand. Bristol, Worcester, Swansea, Tunbridge-wells, and other places, received the gospel by her means. For the supply of these and other chapels, her ladyship first confined herself to ministers of the established church, many of whom accepted her invitation, and labored in the places which she opened; but her zeal enlarged with her success, and she, multiplying her vast and commodious chapels, the ministers who had supplied her ladyship, were unequal to the task, and some were unwilling to move in so extensive a sphere, especially as it began to feel much opposition, and to be branded as irregular. In order, therefore, to provide proper persons for the work, she retired to South Wales, and erected a chapel and college in the parish of Talgarth, in Brecknockshire, for training young men for the work of the ministry. This college was opened 1768. A singular circumstance which occurred the same year, rendered the opening of the college especially seasonable. Six young men had been expelled from the university of Oxford, for the heinous offence of singing, praying, and expounding the Scriptures. But when Alma Mater proved a cruel step-mother, and the heads of the houses pushed with their horns, lady Huntington formed a nursery in the wilderness. The college was provided with able teachers, and soon filled with students; and

from thence regular supplies were sent to the increasing congregations under her patronage.

Her ladyship still persevered, devising plans for the diffusion of the gospel, especially in places where Satan's seat was erected; hence the metropolis itself, that emporium of error and dissipation, was not forgotten by her benevolent and ardent mind. A large building in Spa-fields, called the Pantheon, had been erected for the purpose of entertaining parties of pleasure, especially on the Lord's-day. The Rev. Herbert Jones, and William Taylor, two clergymen, engaged with others in taking the place for religious worship, and it was opened July 6, 1777, with a sermon from the former, from that truly appropriate text, Gen. xxviii: 19. "And he (Jacob,) called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." The house will contain more than 2000, and its local situation is highly favorable for catching stragglers and the curious; some of whom there found the Saviour. On account of a suit instituted by the rector of the parish, in the spiritual court (so called,) against the clergymen who officiated there, lady Huntington took the chapel on her own hands, and some years after, not wearied in well-doing, purchased another large place in White Chapel, which had been erected for a theatre, capable of containing 5000 persons, and bears the name of Zion Chapel.



Though lady Huntington devoted all her substance to the gospel, yet it was very surprising how her income sufficed for the immensity of expense in which she involved herself; her jointure was but 1200*l.* per annum, and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she received the addition of another 1000*l.* But the Lord always brought her most honorably through her difficult engagements, and when her own money was exhausted, provided her with a supply, which sometimes came in a most unexpected way and manner.

Lady Huntington was rather above the middle size, her presence noble, and commanding respect; her address very engaging, her intelligence acute, her diligence indefatigable, and the constant labor of her thought and correspondence, inconceivable. The following interesting anecdote will illustrate the acuteness of her mind: A young nobleman walking in company with the countess, asserted, "that it appeared most incredible to him, that the great eternal, almighty God, should condescend to become a man." Her ladyship pointed to an ant hill, which casually met her eye, inquired, "my lord, were you possessed of those perfections you have mentioned, and wished to convey some intelligence to those ants, how would you accomplish your purpose?" His lordship replied, "I must become an ant."

Never was creature more dead to the world and

self-indulgence. Dr. Haweis said, he believed, during the many years he was honored with her friendship, she often possessed only the gown she wore. And Rev. Mr. Eyre observed, at the opening of Cheshunt college, that he called on her ladyship once with a person from the country; when they came out, the gentleman turned his eyes towards the house, and after a short pause exclaimed, "What a lesson! can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in a house so meanly furnished; and I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and splendor? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God, and so much for folly."

But her most distinguishing excellency was, the fervent zeal which always burned in her bosom, to extend the gospel of God's grace; no disappointment could quench it, no labor slacken, no opposition discourage it, no progress of years abate it; but it flamed brightest and strongest in her latest moments.—The world has very seldom beheld such a character. But if asked, was she a perfect character? no; this is not the lot of mortals here, for when the moon walks in her brightness, then her shadows are most visible; and defects in such as her, must be seen, for, as a Puritan writer remarked, "That a speck in scarlet is more visible than a great stain in russet."

In November, 1790, lady Huntington broke a blood vessel, which was the beginning of her last illness. On being asked by lady Ann Erskine, how she did, she replied, "I am well, all is well, well forever ! I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory !" As death drew nearer, though it was delayed for several months, she often repeated, with great emphasis, "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh ! O, lady Ann, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh !" adding, "the thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable, whether I shall see his glory more abundantly appear, or whether it be an intimation of my own departure to him." On the very day of her death, she conversed about sending missionaries to Otaheite. She had often, in her life-time, mentioned that, from the first moment that God had set her soul at liberty, she had such a desire for the conversion of souls, that she compared herself to a ship in full sail before the wind, and that she was carried on by such a divine influence, as was not easily to be described. She appeared, during the tedious days and nights of pain and sickness, engaged in prayer, and filled with gratitude for the unutterable mercies she had experienced ; saying, "I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy, I long to be at home ; Oh, I long to be at home !"

An abundant entrance, suitable to a life so influenced, was ministered to her in heaven ; for almost

her last words were, "my work is done, I have nothing to do but go to my Father." And repeatedly said, "I shall go to my Father this night." Her ladyship died at her house in Spa-fields, June 17, 1791, aged 84 years. At her death, she left her chapels to trustees and executors, for the continuance of the same plan. Not fewer, perhaps more than 100,000 persons have the gospel preached to them by these means.

The value of such an interesting life, as that which is here narrated, can never be ascertained. With so contracted a purse, what wonders was she enabled to perform! She maintained the college at her sole expense; she erected chapels in most parts of the kingdom, and she supported ministers who were sent to preach in the various parts of the world. What a multitude who had never seen her face in the flesh, were waiting with rapture to receive her happy spirit into the mansions of everlasting glory. May we live her holy life, die her happy death, and participate in her felicity—glory above.

Fairest of those that left the calm of heaven  
And ventured down to man, with words of peace,  
Daughter of grace! known by whatever name,  
Religion! Virtue! Piety! or Love  
Of Holiness! the day of thy reward  
Was come. Ah! thou wast long despised: despised  
By those thou wooedst from death to endless life.  
Modest and meek, in garments white as those  
That seraphs wear, and countenance as mild  
As Mercy looking on Repentance's tear;

With eye of purity, now darted up  
To God's eternal throne, how humbly bent  
Upon thyself, and weeping down thy cheek  
That glowed with universal love immense,  
A tear pure as the dew that fall in heaven. POLLOX.

## CHAPTER VII.

One of the peculiar excellences of religious biography is, that while it preserves the memory of the just, it insinuates itself by a sort of irresistible impulse, into the breast of a pious reader; and, while it inspires him with admiration of the goodness and grace of God, in the character which it exhibits, it produces an anxious solicitude to copy after the example, by pursuing the paths of virtue and usefulness in the world. This species of writing, therefore, happily combines precept and example, seldom leaving the eye of the reader, without producing some valuable impression upon the heart, to be realized in future practice. With these views, the following sketch of the virtues and active life of Mrs. Hoffman is presented to the public. And although the incidents which occurred in the course of her years were not numerous, yet some of them were strongly marked, and exhibited the charms of piety and benevolence, as to merit the highest commendation, and to form an admirable example for imitation, especially by every female.

"Mrs. SARAH HOFFMAN was the daughter of David Ogden, Esq., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the then Province of New Jersey, and who also was a member of his then majesty's Counsel. Her mother's name was Gertrude Gouverneur. Mrs. Hoffman was born at Newark, New Jersey, September 8, 1742, and married to Mr. Nicolas Hoffman, November 14, 1762, by whom she had four children. It is not known when Mrs. Hoffman first received her religious impressions. It is certain, however, that in the more early part of her life, she passed through many scenes of disappointment and affliction; and that under all these, she enjoyed the support and consolations of her God, which made her Christian character shine with greater brilliancy. Nor were those afflictions without a benign influence on her latter days; for while they taught her the evils to which humanity is subject, she learned the charming art of feeling for another's wo; and how to stretch forth the maternal hand of kindness to relieve.

"The numerous domestic duties of Mrs. Hoffman, rendered more urgent by the protracted illness of her husband and her daughter-in-law, she prudently confined her charities to private objects; but not unfrequently would she encourage others in more public acts of benevolence, by giving to them her mite in favor of the needy, and exhorting them to persevere in doing the will of the Lord. When those be-

loved relatives were removed by death, Mrs. Hoffman was at greater liberty to express the benevolent feelings of her heart; and, in the year 1800, opportunities of a peculiarly distressing kind were presented to her attention. She was not alone, but associated with other benevolent females; and every exertion was made to relieve the afflictions of the poor and needy. Among the number of these objects were destitute widows with small children; for the relief of whom it was contemplated to form a Female Association. The proposal was made in November, 1797, and organized on the 20th of December following, under the character and style of 'The Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children.' The following ladies constituted the first Board of Direction:—Mrs. Isabella Graham, 1st Directress; Mrs. W. Macomb, 2d Directress; Mrs. Divie Bethune, Treasurer and Secretary. Managers, Mrs. Mary Startin, Mrs. W. Seton, Miss Bowman, (afterwards Mrs. Low, of Flatbush,) Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Hapson, now of England.

'Peace to the widow's throbbing breast, whose tears,  
Fast fall upon her helpless babes. Indulgent Heaven!  
O, grant us aid to succor their distress,  
And give the healing balm!'

"At the first stated meeting of this Society, in April, 1793, it appears that 98 widows and 223 children had, by their means, been brought through the severity of the winter, with a considerable degree of

comfort. Shortly after the establishment of this humane institution, Mrs. Hoffman became an active member, and was chosen second Directress. I find her name enrolled with others, in the charter granted by the Legislature in favor of this Society; and she continued to fill this worthy station until the year 1806. It was a happy trait in the formation of this society, and still continues, that objects of distress be relieved without the shadow of regard either to national distinction, or to religious persuasion. It is presumed that this Society was not only the first of the kind established in America, but the first in the world! Information of this establishment soon reached the city of London, and produced a dictate in the breast of some ladies of distinction, to form a Society in imitation of the one in New York; and which was supported under the patronage of the dutchess of York. When one of the managers visited London, she was waited upon by several ladies, to inquire particularly into the manner of conducting this Society, and received desirable information.

“Our citizens have not forgotten the dreadful ravages made by the yellow fever in the year 1796. While that pestilence walked in our streets at noon-day, arrested the hand of industry, interrupted the course of trade, it also swept away more than two thousand to their graves, leaving many a destitute widow weeping over her helpless babes. This was



a loud call upon the exertions of the Society; and the several ladies connected with it, formed themselves into little bands, purposely to explore the habitations of distress, which opened an extensive, though melancholy field for Mrs. Hoffman to evince the sympathy and benevolence of her heart. It would be deemed incorrect were I to announce the worthy names of those who are still living, who also were engaged in this labor of love. Yet I should feel a degree of criminality, not to record the names of those who have departed, and who were associates with Mrs. Hoffman, in those works of kindness. Mrs. Isabella Graham was her chief companion; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. J. R. Livingston, Mrs. W. Seton, and Mrs. Howe; each in their day evinced the pious disposition of their hearts, and stretched forth the hand of kindness to the widow and the fatherless.

"Of the late Mrs. Mills, it is but justice to record, that by the members of the Board of Direction, her judicious counsel was always heard with respect and attention. Her knowledge of the world led her to that discrimination of character which was applied with the most happy effect; and of this excellent woman, it may be said, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; sick and in prison, and ye visited me.' Nor can I omit adding to this list, the name of the lately deceased Mrs. Mary

**Chrystie.** Although her personal duties did not permit her to take a seat in the Board of Direction of this Society, she was one of three who suggested and brought the plan of the Institution before the public. She contributed liberally to its support during twenty-three years. Her counsel and her prayer for its prosperity were highly appreciated by many of its managers; so that when the names of Hoffman and Graham are mentioned among the mothers in Israel, that of Chrystie will not be forgotten. What to me gives a zest to this female association is, that its members were of different religious persuasions. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists; yet all partook of the same spirit, and drank so freely of 'the milk of human kindness,' which exhilarated them in pursuit after objects of distress, that they were never weary in well-doing. The Christian, while it is his privilege to worship God, according to his knowledge of the gospel, and the dictate of his conscience, is bound to maintain the profession of his faith without wavering; but whenever he beholds the image of Christ in person, though he differ from him in mode of worship, will esteem the person for the sake of the image. And it is equally true, that wherever the good man beholds the marks of wretchedness in any form, the love of Christ to him, will constrain him to pity and relieve; for such is the nature of Christian benev-

olence, it knows no bounds but the habitable globe. How charmingly were these sentiments exemplified in the generous efforts of Mrs. Hoffman and her associates! And how devoutly is it to be wished, that all who profess to receive the virtues of Christianity, may copy after such bright examples!

"Mrs. Hoffman was an Episcopalian, and strongly attached to the principles of her church. Mrs. Graham was a Presbyterian, and equally adhered to her profession; yet, the ties of natural relationship or sisterhood, were not more firm than the attachment of these females in their charitable exertions in favor of the needy. The temper, condescension, and perseverance of these humane ladies, is a fine comment on Paul's admirable description of active charity described, 1 Cor. xii: 4—7."

To give the reader some view of the benevolent walks of Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Graham, I will venture to say what has been communicated to me by an aged lady of a different religious profession to them, and who is still living. She accompanied them on their visits for two successive winters, commencing with November, and ending with March.

"They would meet at ten o'clock in the morning, and continue their visits till dusk of the evening, in search after objects needing compassion. These were sometimes found in garrets, cellars, and other places of obscurity, half starved, destitute of cloth-

ing, and perishing with cold ; while their infant children were clinging to the breast, and others looking wishfully for a morsel of bread to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Mrs. Hoffman and her companions, forgetful of their own comfortable homes, would enter these abodes of poverty, and by a condescending address, make themselves familiar with the distressed, and thus speedily ingratiate themselves into the broken feelings of the suffering widow. Though sometimes these messengers of good-will would make their visits without partaking of any refreshments, yet not unfrequently would turn into a shop, purchase a loaf of bread, &c., and enter some forlorn habitation to partake of their morsel, and to bestow a kindness upon its occupant. It must not be forgotten that these visitors, into whatsoever house they entered, failed not to instruct the ignorant, frequently leaving a religious tract behind them, and thus convince the object of their bounty, that they were the servants of a compassionate Saviour. Although from the nature of human depravity, it must be expected they too frequently met with characters, who afterwards proved themselves ungrateful for kindness received ; yet I have often heard them relate a variety of instances of so affecting a description, which, were it my province to recite, would present to the reader the very shape and distorted features of female misery, while at the same time, they would stamp a

dignity upon the generous exertions of the Widow's Society,

' Who comfort to the infant sufferer bring,  
And teach with joy the widow's heart to sing.  
No sounding numbers shall their names reveal,  
But their own hearts, the rich reward shall feel.'

"This Society, through the smiles of the Almighty, still exists, and perseveres in its humane and generous efforts. During the winter of 1820 they fostered 254 widows, with 687 small children, under ten years of age. It is to be regretted that its funds would only allow each family an average of two dollars and a half per month, for the five winter months, reserving a small sum for the exigencies of sickness in the summer months. The wants of many of them were great. Its managers still confide in the promise of that God who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless; and hope that a generous public will continue their aid, that the Society may yet continue its acts of kindness to the widow and fatherless. It is devoutly to be wished that the example of their departed sister, Mrs. Hoffman, may yet stimulate them to persevere in acts of kindness, and, that the mantle of that venerable mother in Israel, may fall upon the pious daughters of our city, to cherish the Widows' Society, while a tear falls from a widow's eye, or a fatherless child shall cry for a morsel of bread.

"It may with propriety be said, the Orphan Asylum of this city took its rise from out of the Widow's Society; or, at any rate, on the minds of several of the members of that Society, was created the first impressions of its necessity and importance. Several of its managers, particularly Mrs. Hoffman and her colleague, Mrs. Graham, in the course of their benevolent walks, found poor, helpless children, whom death had deprived both of father and mother. For the succoring of such little unfortunates, the Widow's Society, according to their constitution and charter, could make no provision; and the necessity of attempting something in the shape of an Orphan Asylum, was first suggested to the benevolent mind of Mrs. Hoffman, by visiting a family of five orphans, immediately after the decease of their mother by the yellow fever, in 1805. These children, of whom the youngest was a few months old, were boarded at the expense of Mrs. Hoffman, until an asylum could be provided. Upon this subject, she frequently conversed with Mrs. Graham and others, who also had children of widows in similar abject circumstances.— Alternate hopes and fears agitated the hearts of these ladies for several weeks, while they ceased not in prayer and supplication, to spread the orphan's wretched case before the Lord.

"About the beginning of March, Mrs. Hoffman made a visit to Mrs. Graham. Entering the parlor,

she said to Mrs. Bethune, my dear friend, we must begin the Orphan Society. I have slept none all night, and these words have been constantly on my mind — ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.’ Eccl. ix: 10. This was received by her as the signal for benevolent action. And at a meeting of the Widow’s Society, held at Mrs. Startin’s, it was agreed, that an invitation be given to our citizens, in order to meet this desirable object. Accordingly, on the 15th of March, 1806, at the City Hotel, a very respectable number of ladies and gentlemen were convened. Mrs. Graham was appointed to the chair, the plan was read, and unanimously approved; and, at the same time, the following ladies were elected to conduct the concerns of the Society: Mrs. Hoffman, 1st Directress; Mrs. Hamilton, 2d Directress; Mrs. Bethune, Treasurer; Mrs. Rodman, Secretary. Trustees, Mrs. Startin, Mrs. M’Vicar, Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Saidler, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Aspinwall, and Miss Tallman. The Society thus organized, its first object was to provide a shelter for those little orphans which immediately demanded their care. As a temporary residence, a house in Raisin Street, in the village of Greenwich, was hired, and Mr. John M’Farlane, and Catharine, his wife, two discreet and pious persons, were engaged as super-

intendents and teachers. They commenced their duties on the first week in May, 1806. The door of this Asylum was open to receive all destitute orphans, without restriction to any religious denomination, or distinction of nations. Sufficient, if the child be in distress, without father and without mother, here was its home and friendly guardians to foster its tender years, until a maturity of age and a kind Providence, should open another door to commence its more active duties for its own and the public good. During the first six months, twelve orphan children were received by the Society. In order to qualify whatever children should be received into this Asylum, a mode of instruction was formed, in order to prepare them for useful stations in life. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were allotted to the whole; and in addition, the girls were taught plain sewing, and when at a suitable age, to be accustomed to domestic employment. But, as a far more important object, a well adapted plan was formed, that, with the blessing of the Lord, such moral and religious instruction should be afforded as to produce their happiest advantages.

“It must be confessed, that until this Institution was formed, in which Mrs. Hoffinan acted, with others, the real value of her benevolent and Christian character was comparatively unknown. The acuteness and economy of her judgment in forming her plans; her mild and amiable manners, and her unwearied



perseverance amidst every discouragement; these, while they produced a charming excitement in the breast of her worthy associates, contributed a large share towards the prosperity of the Orphan Asylum. It cannot but be acknowledged, that this Institution, with the variety of its benefits, was a gift from above, through the fervency of prayer. The afflicted orphan's case was continually commended to the orphan's God and Father, whose sacred smiles have crowned it with success for many years. An admirable lesson this, for all those whose Christian benevolence dictates an effort in favor of the poor and afflicted: 'Begin with God, and it shall end in prosperity!'

"In January, 1807, Mrs. Hoffman laid before the Board, a plan of a Constitution for the Society, which after a due examination of all its parts, was unanimously adopted, and afterwards published. Soon after this, a petition was presented to the Legislature of the State, praying for a charter of incorporation, and which was readily granted. In April, the same year, the Society held their first annual meeting, at the City Hotel, where more than twenty orphans were presented to the view of their generous benefactors, comfortably clad, and wearing on the countenance the guileless smile of health and happy youth. The hired house, occupied as a dwelling for the orphan family, being too small, and to prevent

the inconvenience of frequent removals, it was contemplated to erect a building sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of the orphans, which the Society might hereafter be able to support. However great the undertaking, the ladies piously persevered, in full confidence that the God of love and mercy would indulge them with his sacred benedictions. To facilitate this desirable object, the patrons of the Institution did honor to themselves; while several of the clergy recommended the design to their respective congregations, and made handsome collections for the purpose. The Board was directed to an airy, healthy spot of ground, in the village of Greenwich, on which to erect the building, the plan for which was gratuitously drawn by Mr. West. The building was to be of brick, fifty feet square, sufficient for the accommodation of more than one hundred children. The corner stone was laid by the ladies of the Board, on the seventh of July, 1807. During the summer, the walls rose rapidly; and, as the funds of the Society were expended by purchasing materials only, Mr. Ronalds, Mr. Gifford, and Mr. Thorpe, the master builders, generously paid the workmen, without rendering their account until the building was roofed. At this period, several other ministers and churches generously favored the Society by collecting for their aid, the sum of \$1165. During the winter, applications were made to the

Trustees, so numerous, for the admission of orphans, that they were obliged to finish the basement story, and two upper rooms. The Society, at this time, finding themselves oppressed with necessary debts, were induced, on the first of February, 1808, to forward a petition to the Legislature for aid, and which was accompanied by a recommendatory letter from De Witt Clinton, Esq., then Mayor of New York. The result of this petition was, an appropriation of five thousand dollars of the money to be raised by lottery for the Board of Health, but which was not received until the year 1816. But in addition to this, the Legislature made a grant of five hundred dollars annually, which they still regularly receive.

“On the last day of April, 1809, the Society, with fifty-four orphans, entered the new habitation, under a charming impression of the good hand of their God, and devoutly supplicating his throne for the continuance of his presence and benediction. By the liberal hand of a generous public, the building was gradually completed, and a succession of orphans have been received. Great have been the exertions of the Trustees to manage the concerns, and to procure the necessary supplies of food and raiment for so large a family. It was the firm determination of Mrs. Hoffman, as well as her companions, to expend their funds so long as a fatherless and motherless needy child claimed their shelter and kindness. Of-

ten, at the commencement of winter, when the orphan family consisted of more than one hundred children, their treasury did not contain half as many dollars ; yet, through the goodness of the Lord, it may truly be said, 'the barrel of meal wasteth not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, until the Lord replenished their wants.' Much has deservedly been written on the page of history, of the interposing and benevolent hand of God, in the establishment and supplies of the Orphan House at Halle, in Saxony, through the laborious means of Professor Frank ; and I may venture to affirm, that it has been no less so in favor of the Orphan establishment in the city of New York. The faith and pious zeal of its managers have frequently been tried to the last extremity ; often, indeed, cast down, but not forsaken ; for in ways least expected, or not expected at all, the kindness of God, almost miraculously, has produced their necessary supplies. One instance, among others of this description, occurred but a few years ago, was known to myself. At a time when the funds of the Society were almost expended, and money immediately demanded, a young gentleman, who had just received a share of a paternal estate, requested of me information, 'what benevolent society was most worthy of attention ?' I immediately named the Orphan Asylum. The next day a letter was left at my house, addressed to the Treasurer of the Orphan

Asylum, which was delivered to that lady; and, on being opened, it was found to be a blank paper, containing the sum of five hundred dollars! How seasonable a relief was this to the exigencies of the Society! and what a noble example to those who become heirs to the patrimony of deceased relations, instead of wasting it in vanity and profligacy! who but must feel the most devout acknowledgment to Divine beneficence, for providing the necessary supplies for the support of the children of this valuable Institution! and at the same time, firmly believe the truth of God's most gracious promise, 'that the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish forever.' In the government of the orphan family, as well as in its general plans, Mrs. Hoffman took a very large share of active labor. Frequently would she spend a whole day at the Asylum, for the purpose of inspecting the wants of the children, and their progress in education; the management and frugality of supplies, and, indeed, the most minute concerns of the whole establishment. On such occasions, so far from receiving any extra refreshment, she would invariably partake only of the simple fare of the orphan's table. Never did she permit herself to quit the habitation, without conferring her most salutary advices, and bestowing her maternal expressions of kindness upon the tender orphans of her charge; and which, of course, never

failed to produce the most happy effects. It may gratify the reader to be informed, that this Orphan Asylum is now entirely freed from debt, and that by the smiles of divine Providence, there is gradually forming a fund for its future support, by means of legacies. Still, the orphan's cry is directed to the ear of a benevolent public, for a present supply ; and it is firmly believed, that their cry will not be heard in vain. The annual expenditures for the household, amount nearly to five thousand dollars, exclusive of repairs to the building.

"It is a pleasing reflection to the Managers, and was a cause of sublime pleasure to the pious Mrs. Hoffman, that while God extended his paternal wings over this orphan family for their protection and comfort, he has likewise granted some expressions of his grace to several of the children, both male and female, who have now arrived to the age of maturity, and maintain the correctness of Christian character.

"In the year 1817, Mrs. Hoffman, bent beneath the infirmities of age, and by a severe rheumatic affection, was compelled to retire from the scene of activity, and in her chamber, to spend her remaining days in devotional exercises, awaiting the pleasure of her Lord, to call her to the blissful regions of immortality."

Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal harp !  
Breathe numbers warm with love ! while I rehearse,  
Delighted theme ! resembling most the songs  
Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb  
Thy praise, O Charity ! thy labors most  
Divine ; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,  
And groans ; thy great, thy god-like wish to heal  
All misery, all fortune's wounds ; and make  
The soul of every living thing rejoice.  
O thou wast needed much in days of time !  
No virtue, half so much ; none half so fair.  
To all the rest, however fine, thou gavest  
A finishing and polish, without which  
No man e'er entered heaven. Let me record  
His praise,—the man of great benevolence,  
Who pressed thee closely to his glowing heart,  
And to thy gentle bidding, made his feet  
Swift minister. Of all mankind, his soul  
Was most in harmony with heaven ; as one  
Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends ;  
One in their origin, one in their rights  
To all the common gifts of providence,  
And in their hopes, their joys and sorrows one,  
He viewed the universal human race.  
He needed not a law of State, to force  
Grudging submission to the law of God ;  
The law of love was in his heart alive ;  
What he possessed, he counted not his own,  
But like a faithful steward, in a house  
Of public alms, what freely he received,  
He freely gave ; distributing to all  
The helpless, the last mite beyond his own  
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift  
But justice due to want : and so it was ;  
Altho' the world, with compliment not ill  
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.  
Nor did he wait till to his door the voice  
Of supplication came, but went abroad,  
With foot as silent as the starry dews,  
In search of misery that pined unseen.  
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights  
He saw ! what groans he heard in that cold world  
Below ! where Sin in league with gloomy Death

Marched daily thro' the length and breadth of all  
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,  
Fair earth ! a lazar-house, a dungeon dark ;  
Where Disappointment fed on ruined Hope ;  
Where Guilt, worn out, leaned on tripple edge  
Of want, remorse, despair ; where Cruelty  
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips  
Of Sorrow, that to deeper sorrow wailed :  
Where Mockery and disease, and Poverty,  
Met miserable age, erewhile sore bent  
With his own burden ; where the arrowy winds  
Of Winter pierced the naked orphan babe,  
And chilled the mother's heart who had no home ;  
And where, alas ! in mid-time of his day,  
The honest man, robbed by some villain's hand,  
Or with long sickness, pale, and paler yet  
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts  
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.  
Oh ! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes  
Of wretchedness ! or who can tell what smiles  
Of gratitude illumined the face of wo,  
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth !  
As when the sun, to Cancer wheeling back,  
Returned from Capricorn, and showed the north,  
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,  
His beamy countenance ; all nature then  
Rejoiced together glad ; the flower looked up  
And smiled ; the forest from his locks shook off  
The hoary frost, and clapped his hands ; the birds  
Awoke, and singing, rose to meet the day ;  
And from his hollow den, where many months  
He slumbered sad in darkness, blithe and light  
Of heart the savage sprung ; and saw again  
His mountain shine ; and with new songs of love,  
Allured the Virgin's ear : so did the house,  
The prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes  
Of unprovided helplessness, revive,  
As on them looked the sunny messenger  
Of Charity ; by angels tended still  
That marked his deeds, and wrote them in the book  
Of God's remembrance—careless he to be  
Observed of men ; or have each mite bestowed,



Recorded punctually with name and place .  
In every bill of news : pleased to do good,  
He gave and sought no more—nor questioned much,  
Nor reasoned who deserved ; for well he knew  
The face of need. Ah me ! who could mistake ?  
The shame to ask, the want that urged within,  
Composed a look so perfectly distinct  
From all else human, and withall so full  
Of misery. that none could pass untouched  
And be a Christian ; or thereafter claim,  
In any form, the name or rights of man ;  
Or, at the day of judgment, lift his eye :  
While he, in name of Christ, who gave the poor  
A cup of water, or a bit of bread,  
Impatient for his advent, waiting stood,  
Glowing in robes of love and holiness.  
Heaven's fairest dress ! and round him ranged in white,  
A thousand witnesses appeared, prepared  
To tell his gracious deeds before the throne. POLLOCK.

We will now present to the reader a brief sketch of Princess Elizabeth, of the Rhine, which cannot fail to show the power of the Christian religion over a mind of no inferior order.

This lady was the eldest daughter of Frederic Vth., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, by Ann, daughter of James Ist, King of England, and was born in the year 1620. She possessed only a small territory. But governed it with great judgment and attention to the happiness of her subjects. She made it a rule to hear, one day in every week, all such cases as were brought before her, and on these occasions her wisdom, justice and moderation, were very conspicuous. She frequently remitted forfeitures in cases where the parties were poor, or in any respect

worthy of favor. It was also remarkable that she often introduced religious considerations as motives to harmonize contending parties.

In the year 1677, the famous William Penn paid her a visit, and was treated by her with great respect. The following account of her is taken from his works :

“ The meekness and humility of this princess was extraordinary. She never considered the quality, but merit of her visitors ; and if she heard of any retired man seeking the knowledge of a better world, she was sure to set him down in the catalogue of her charity, if he wanted it. I have casually seen, I believe, fifty tokens of her benevolence, sealed and directed to the several poor subjects of her bounty, whose distance prevented them from being personally known to her. Thus, though she kept no sumptuous table in her own court, spread the tables of the poor in their solitary cells. She was abstemious in her living, and in apparel void of all ornaments ; but her mind had a noble prospect, for her eye was to the best and most lasting inheritance. Being once at Hamburg, a religious person (whom she went to see for the sake of religion,) remarked to her, ‘ It was too great an honor for him to receive a visitant of her quality, who was allied to so many great kings and princes of this world.’ To which she humbly replied, ‘ If they were religious as well as great, it would

be an honor indeed, but if you knew what that greatness is, as well as I do, you would value it less.'

"After a religious meeting we had with her, she was much affected, and said, 'It is a hard thing to be faithful to what one knows. O, the way is strait! I am afraid I am not weighty enough in my spirit to walk in it.' I cannot forget her last words, when I took leave of her. 'Let me,' said she, 'desire you to remember me, though I live at so great a distance, and you should never see me more. Be assured that though my condition subjects me to divers temptations, yet my soul has strong desires after the best things.' She lived till the age of sixty years, and then died at her house in Herwerden, in the year 1680, as much lamented as she had been beloved by her people."

O, reader, greatly beloved by thy Creator! the darling of Providence! thou art distinguished by his goodness; distinguish thyself also by thy gratitude. Be it thy one undivided aim to glorify Him who has been at so much expense to glorify thee! While all inferior creatures, in silent eloquence, declare the glory of God, do thou lend them thy tongue. Be thou the High Priest of the mute creation. Let their praises become vocal in thy songs. Adore the Supreme Benefactor for the blessings he showers down upon every order of beings. Adore him for numberless mercies which are appropriated to thy-

self. But, above all, adore him for that noble gift of a rational and immortal soul. This constitutes us masters of the globe, and gives us the real enjoyments of its riches ; this discovers ten thousand beauties which otherwise had been lost, and renders them both a source of delight and a nursery of devotion. By virtue of this exalted principle, we are qualified to admire our Maker's works, and capable of bearing his illustrious image ; bearing his illustrious image, not only when the ornaments of the ground have resigned their honors, but when the great origin of day is extinguished in the skies, and all the flaming orbs on high are put out in obscure darkness. Then to survive, survive the ruins of the world, and to enjoy God—to resemble God—to be “filled with all the fulness of God” in another—what happiness, what an inestimable happiness is this ! Yet this is thy privilege ; barter it not, for trifles of an hour ! this thy glorious prerogative, O, reader !

O ! the goodness, the exuberant goodness of our God ! How much should we think ourselves obliged to a generous friend, who should build a stately edifice purely for our abode ! But how greatly would the obligation be increased, if the hand that built it should also furnish it ! and not only furnish it with all that is commodious and comfortable, but ornament it also with whatever is splendid and delightful ! This has our most indulgent Creator done, in a

manner infinitely surpassing all we could wish or imagine.

The earth is assigned us for a dwelling. The skies are stretched over us like a magnificent canopy, dyed in the purest azure ; and beautified, now with pictures of floating silver, now with colorings of reflected crimson. The grass is spread under us as a spacious carpet, wove with silken threads of green, and damasked with flowers of every hue. The sun, like a golden lamp, is hung out in the ethereal vault, and pours his effulgence all the day to enlighten our paths. When night approaches, the moon takes up the friendly office ; and the stars are kindled in twinkling myriads, to cheer the darkness with their milder lustre, and not disturb our repose by too intense a glare. The clouds, besides the rich paintings they hang around the heavens, act the part of a shifting screen, and defend us by their seasonable interposition, from the scorching beams of summer. May we not also regard them as the great watering pots of the globe, which, wafted on the wings of the wind, dispense their moisture evenly through the universal garden, and fructify, with their showers, whatever our hand plants. The fields are exhaustless granaries ; the ocean is our vast reservoir ; the animals spend their strength to despatch our business, resign their clothing to replenish our wardrobe, and surrender their lives to provide for our

tables. In short, every element is a store-house of conveniences, every season brings us the choicest productions, all nature is our caterer; and, which is a most endearing recommendation of these favors, they are all as lovely as they are useful. You observe nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in beauty's fairest robe, and regulated by proportion's nicest rule. The whole scene exhibits a fund of pleasure to the imagination, at the same time that it more than supplies all our wants.

Therefore thou art inexcusable, O reader, whoever thou art, that rebellest against thy Maker. He surrounds thee with unnumbered benefits, and follows thee with an effusion of the richest, noblest gifts. He courts thy affections, he solicits thy gratitude by liberalities which are never intermitted; by a bounty which knows no limits. Most blessed Lord, let this, thy goodness, thy unwearied goodness, lead us to repentance. Win us to thyself, thou Fountain of Felicity, by these sweet inducements. Draw us to our duty, thou God of our salvation, by those "cords of love."

What a striking resemblance there is between a well cultivated garden, and the immortal mind! What a living picture is here of the beneficial effects of industry! By industry and cultivation, this neat spot is an image of Eden. Here is all that can entertain the eye, or regale the smell. Whereas, with-

out cultivation, this sweet garden had been a desolate wilderness. Vile thistles had made it loathsome, and tangling briars inaccessible. Without cultivation, it might have been a nest for serpents, and the horrid haunt of venomous creatures. But the spade and pruning knife, in the hand of industry, have improved it into a sort of terrestrial paradise.

How naturally does it lead us to contemplate the advantages which flow from a virtuous education, and the miseries which ensue from the neglect of it! The mind, without early instruction, will, in all probability, become like the "vineyard of the sluggard," if left to the propensities of its own depraved will; what can we expect but the luxuriant growth of unruly appetites, which, in time, will break forth in all manner of irregularities! What, but that anger, like a prickly thorn, arms the temper with an untractable moroseness: peevishness, like a stinging nettle, render the conversation irksome and forbidding; avarice, like some choking weed, teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppress; revenge, like some poisonous plant, replete with baneful juices, rankle in the breast, and meditate mischief to its neighbor; while unbridled lusts, like swarms of noisome insects, taint each rising thought, and render "every imagination of the heart only evil continually?" Such are the usual products of savage nature; such the furniture of the uncultivated

soul ! Whereas, let the mind be put under the "nurture and admonition of the Lord : " let holy discipline clear the soil : let sacred instruction sow it with the best seed : let skill and vigilance dress the rising shoots, direct the young idea how to spread, the wayward passions how to move ; then what a different state of the inner man will take place ! Charity will breathe her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms ; the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits ; the sentiments become generous, the carriage endearing, the life honorable and useful.

Oh ! that governors of families and masters of schools, would watch with a conscientious solicitude over the morals of their tender charge ! What a pity it is, that the advancing generation should lose these invaluable endowments, through any supineness in their instructors. See ! with what assiduity the curious florist attends his little nursery ! He visits them early and late ; furnishes them with the properest mould ; supplies them with seasonable moisture ; guards them from the ravages of insects ; screens them from the injuries of the weather ; marks their springing buds ; observes them attentively through their whole progress ; and never intermits his anxiety until he beholds them blown into full perfection. And shall a range of painted leaves, which flourish to-day, and to-morrow fall to the ground—shall these



be tended with more zealous applications, than the exalted faculties of an immortal soul?

Yet trust not in cultivation alone. It is the blessing of the Almighty Husbandman, which imparts success to such labors of love. If God "seal up the bottles of heaven," and command the clouds to withhold their fatness, the best manured plat becomes a barren desert. And if he restrain the dew of his heavenly benediction, all human endeavors miscarry; the rational plantation languishes; our most pregnant hopes, from youths of the most promising genius, prove abortive. Their root will be as rottenness, and their blossom will go up as dust. Therefore let parents plant; let tutors water; but let both look up to the Father of spirits for the desired increase. On every side, I espy several budding flowers. As yet, they are like bales of cloth from the packer's ware-house; each is wrapt within a strong enclosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and all their sweets locked up. Just such is the niggardly wretch, whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon himself; who makes his own private interests or personal pleasures the sole centre of his designs, and the scanty circumference of his actions. Ere long the searching beams will open the silken folds, and draw them into a graceful expansion. Then, what a love-

ly blush will glow in their cheeks, and what a balmy odor exhale from their bosoms! So, when divine grace shines upon the mind, even the churl becomes bountiful; the heart of stone is taken away, and a heart of flesh, a heart susceptible of the softest, most compassionate emotions, is introduced in its stead. O! how sweetly do the social affections dilate themselves under so benign an influence! just like these disclosing gems under the powerful eye of day. The tender regards are no longer confined to a single object, but extend themselves into a generous concern for mankind, and shed liberal refreshments on all within their reach. Arise then, thou Sun of righteousness; arise with healing under thy wings; and transfuse thy gentle, but penetrating ray through all our intellectual powers. Enlarge every narrow disposition, and fill us with a diffusive benevolence. Make room in our breasts for the whole human race; and teach us to love all our fellow creatures, for their amiable Creator's sake. May we be pleased with their excellences, and rejoice in their happiness; but feel their miseries as our own, and with a brother's sympathy, hasten to relieve them.



## CHAPTER VIII.

What order of mind was better qualified to watch the dawnings of intellects or mould its tender developments, than those highly cultivated ladies, whom we have brought before the reader? There are others, whose names are recorded on the page of history, whose benign influence is written in the throbs of living hearts, and the monument erected to their memory is built of lively stones, cemented with maternal care. The skill with which they moulded the characters of those whom God had placed under their care, is written in characters of living light. Among these are Mrs. Adams and lady Washington. Mrs. Adams, consort of the Hon. John Adams, second President of the United States, died at Quincy, Ms. October 28, 1818. This lady was not more elevated by rank, than eminent by her virtues. Of her sex, she was an ornament, not less pure than it was brilliant. She was at once the charm and the pride of the domestic circle; exemplary in the fulfilment of every social and religious obligation; and in the native ease and characteristic dignity with which they were discharged. Presiding in her family, as though its cares had been the single object of her thoughts; yet, her mind, enlarged by reading, and established by meditation, had the aspect of one, exclusively devoted to mental improvement and intellectual contemplation. It was impossible to know her intimately,

without admiring that rare assemblage of qualities, which constituted her character; in which masculine understanding was united with delicacy, unobtrusive and feminine. What was true, and useful, and necessary to be known, for the right conduct in common life, was mingled and dignified, by being combined in her mind and practice with acquirements, at once extensive, elegant and extraordinary. She was endowed by nature, with a countenance singularly noble and lovely. In it dignity was blended with sweetness, the beams of intelligence with those of kindness, inspiring at once respect, confidence and affection. She illustrated and adorned every sphere she was called to fill. Although polished by intercourse with the world, her mind had lost nothing of its original purity and innate worth.

This is not the language of panegyric. If to those who knew her not, it shall have this aspect, those who knew her best, will feel how short this description falls of all the refined, and all the substantial qualities which formed the stamina of her character.

Her father, Rev. William Smith, a clergyman, respected for his piety and worth, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Hon. John Quincy, and was settled at Weymouth, near Boston. These respected parents were blessed with three daughters, who were each qualified, by uncommon talents and virtues, to fill with equal worth, the different, though important

stations, to which they were afterwards called. Of these, Mrs. Adams was the second. Under the paternal roof, with her beloved sisters, were passed her early years, in the pursuit of those intellectual and domestic accomplishments, on which gentlemen of her father's profession are accustomed to found the future hopes of their children. Religion formed the basis of her early education. Under its sanction, and by its light, she was taught to discern the right in morals, and the useful in learning, and to take delight in the practice of what was prudent, and in the discovery of what was true, and to seek happiness and honor in filling, with propriety and exactness, all the duties which peculiarly appertain to her sex. Connected in early life, by affection and intellectual sympathy, with one of the most eminent men of our age and country, and one among those, chiefly instrumental in achieving our national independence, she largely partook of the spirit of the times, and cheerfully braved the dangers, submitted to the privations, and co-operated in the energies demanded by the occasion. The leading patriots of that period, well knew her intellectual worth. With many of the most distinguished, she long continued in the habit of correspondence. Her letters yet remain, and are monuments of refined taste and pure sentiment.

After peace and independence had been acquired by her country, Mrs. Adams was called to adorn

there hangs a bridge of rock, fashioned by the hand of nature, with the peaks of granite mountains for its horizon. Two hundred feet above the foaming waves you behold this arch, which, in its very ruggedness, looks graceful as a floating scarf. Over the waves, looking through the arch, you catch a vision of colossal cliffs, with a glimpse of smiling sky. Advance to the parapet of this bridge—cling to the shrubs that grow there—look below! Your heart grows sick—your brain reels. Stand in the shadow of the arch, and look above. How beautiful! While the torrent sparkles at your feet, yonder, in the very heaven, the arch of rock fills your eye, and spans the abyss, with giant trees from its brow. To the natural bridge, Washington, the young pilgrim, came. He stood by the waves at sunset—he drank in the rugged sublimity of the scene. And when the morning came, with an unfaltering step, and hand that never shook, not for an instant, with one pulse of fear, he climbed the awful height—he wrote his name upon the rock—he stood upon the summit, beneath the tall pine, and saw the march of day among the mountains. Who shall picture his emotions in that hour? As his unfaltering hand traced the name upon the rock, did he dream of the day when that name should be stamped upon the history of his country, and written not in stone, but in the throbs of living hearts? As he stood upon the arch,

and saw the torrent sparkle dimly far below, while the kiss of light was glittering upon the mountain tops, did no vision of the battle-field, no shadowy presentiment of glory, gleam awfully before his flashing eyes ?

“ Again. Another scene of Washington’s education. There is a river, which sparkles beautifully among its leafy banks—glides on as smoothly as the dream of sinless slumber ; but even as you gaze upon its glassy waves, it rushes from your sight. It glides over a bed of rocks, and then through a yawning abyss, sinks with one sullen plunge into the bosom of the earth. On one side you behold its smooth waters—at your feet the abyss—and yonder, an undulating meadow. Yes, where should be the course of the river, you behold slopes of grass and flowers. It is simply called the Lost River. It fills you with inexplicable emotions to see this beautiful stream, now flashing in the sun-light, now—ere you can count one—lost in a dismal cavern, with flowers growing upon its grave. Here Washington, the young pilgrim, wandered oftentimes, and gazed with a full heart upon the mysterious river. ‘ Shall my life be like that river ? gliding smoothly on—shining in sun-light, only to plunge, without a moment’s warning, into night and eternity ? ’

“ Did no thought like this cross the young pilgrim’s soul ? In that wondrous river he beheld a symbol

of a brave life, suddenly plunged in darkness. Or, it may be, of a great heart, hurled into obscurity, only to rise more beautiful and strong, after the night was over and the darkness gone. For after three miles of darkness, the Lost River comes sparking into light again, singing for very gladness, as it rushes from the cavern into open air. Amid scenes like these the youth of Washington was passed.— He grew to manhood amid the glorious images of unpolluted nature. Now, pausing near the mountain top, he saw the valleys of Virginia fade far away, in one long smile of verdure and sunshine, with the Potomac, like a silver thread, in the distance. Now battling for life, amid hunger, snow, and savage foes, he makes his bed in the hollow of the rock, or sets his destiny afloat amid the waves and ice of a wintry river.

“There is one picture in the life of Washington, the boy, which has ever impressed my soul. It is not so much that picture of young Washington, seated at the feet of his widowed mother, gazing into her pale face, drinking the fathomless affection of her mild eyes, and for her sake renouncing the glittering prospect of an ocean life, and laurels gathered from its gory waves. This picture, in its simplicity, is very beautiful. But it is another picture which enchains me. Behold it.



"By the side of a lonely stream, in the depth of a green woodland, sits a boy of fourteen—shut out from all the world, alone with his heart—his finger laid upon an opened volume, while his large, gray eye gazes vacantly into the deep waters. And that volume is the old family Bible, marked with the name of his ancestor, John Washington; and from its large letters look forth the prophets of Israel, and from its pages, printed in antique style, the face of Jesus smiles upon the soul of the dreaming boy. Washington, the boy, alone with the old Bible, which his ancestor, a wanderer and exile, brought from the English shore; alone with the prophets and the warriors of long distant ages—shut in from the world by the awful forms of revelation—now wandering with the patriarchs, under the shade of palms, among the white flocks—now lingering by Samaria's well, while the Divine voice in accents of unutterable music upon the stillness of noonday.

"Let us for a few moments survey the various epochs of the youth of Washington. At the age of ten years he is left an orphan; from the hour of his father's death, he is educated by his widowed mother. At the age of fourteen a midshipman's warrant is offered to him,—with a brilliant prospect of naval glory in the distance. He accepts the warrant—his destiny seems trembling in the balance—when his mother, who already saw a nobler theatre open be-

fore her boy, induces him to surrender the idea of an ocean life. He is seventeen when he takes up the instruments of the surveyor's craft, and crossing the Alleghanies, beholds, for the first time, the costumes of the Indian people. Three years pass, and he is a pilgrim amid the forms of external nature. We behold him on the ocean, amid the terror of its storms, and very near the doom of its shipwrecks. His heart pillows the head of a dying brother; he accompanies Laurence Washington on a voyage to Barbadoes, and is absent on the ocean, and on the shores of a strange land, from the Fall of 1751 until the Spring of 1752. When Laurence dies, his younger brother, George Washington, a youth of twenty years, is appointed executor of his immense estates. At the age of twenty-one, he is designated by the Governor of Virginia as a Commissioner to treat with the hostile French and their Indian allies, who threaten our western borders. In the pursuit of the object of his mission, he journies 560 miles into the trackless wilderness. He is twenty-two when he first mingles in battle; his sword is unsheathed, July 3, 1754, at the fight of the Great Meadows. And at the age of twenty-three, July 9, 1755, he shares in the danger of Braddock's field, and saves the wreck of the defeated army.

"The great epochs of the youth of Washington are written in the preceding paragraphs. A wonder-

ful youth, indeed ! From the common school-house into the untrodden wilderness ; from the couch of a dying brother, into the terror of battle. Washington had already lived the life, before he was twenty-three years old. Let us, my friends, write the unwritten history of Washington. Not the dim outline which history sketches, but a picture of the man—with color, shape, life and voice. Yes, life, for as we go on, among the shrines of the past, the dead will live with us, and voice too, for as we question the ghosts of other days, they will answer us, although the shadows of a hundred years brood over their graves. And ere we hasten forth upon our journey, let us for a moment compare the youth of Washington with the boyhood of Arnold. Washington, nourished by the counsels of a mother, surrounded by powerful friends, and with many a kind hand, for his brow, when it was stricken with fever, many a kind voice for his heart when it was heavy with sorrow.

“ Arnold, a friendless boy, left by an intemperate father to the world ; guided, it is true, by a kind mother, but a mother who saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering upon her path, and felt the heaviest blows of misery upon her breast. A contrast of terrible meaning ! Washington learns from his mother to bear all, to suffer all, to hold on, through calm and storm, to the right. Washington becomes the man

of a world. Arnold, though swayed for a while by the lessons of his mother, learns the bitter lesson which the world teaches to him—learns by heart to return hate with hate, and fling wrong into the face of wrong. Arnold becomes the omen of a world.

“Learn from this the awful importance of those early influences which shape the mind and mould the heart. Youth is a tender plant—beware how you tread upon it! Nurse it generously, and one day it will bloom before you in the manhood of a Washington. Crush it, and it will one day wound your heel with the serpent-sting of Arnold. And while we read together the great lesson of Washington’s youth, and trace, side by side, the gradual steps by which he rose to greatness, let us never forget, that there was one blessing which followed him like a good angel, and breathed upon his soul the very atmosphere of Heaven—‘The memory of Mary his mother.’”

From all we can learn of the early history of Washington, we see the marks of vigilant, parental influence, and we have good reason to believe the mother was a very active agent in the formation of his character. What a luxury would it have been, to have learned from the lips or pen of Mrs. Washington, the entire process by which were clustered together so rich an assemblage of virtues.

It was gratifying to see in the Mothers’ Journal, a

copy of Washington's "Rules of Behavior," written when he was thirteen years old. These rules should be seriously read and reflected upon by every youthful American, and every parent should contrast the spirit of those rules with the aspect of society at the present time, and inquire, "Why do my children exhibit so different a spirit and character?"

In these days of security and ease, when peace and principle have taken strong hold on the affections, I doubt whether we duly appreciate the self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit of those who lived, and labored, and suffered, as did lady Washington and Mrs. Adams, and many of our grandmothers, whose privations and toils helped to purchase our present security, comfort and ease. Had these women lived in this age of benevolent efforts, and missionary enterprise, with their spirits, they would have as freely consecrated their sons to this service, as they did to the service of their country, and willingly sent them to bear the glad news of salvation to a lost world.

## CHAPTER IX.

Let us extend our researches to the old world, and trace the influence of those females who have shone most conspicuously in its political dramas. Olaus, the son of Margaret, in right of his father, inherited the crown of Norway, that of Sweden by his

grandfather, and that of Denmark, by his mother. For, although those crowns were then elective, yet that election seldom deviated from the lineal course, where there was a prospect of adequate abilities. But, Olaus dying, Margaret was chosen by the States of Denmark, who already had satisfactory proofs of her capacity to discharge the duties of that high station, while she had acted as queen regent of Norway. She was soon after elected Queen of Norway. The Swedes, at this time, were governed by Albert of Mecklenburg, who, having become odious by his tyrannies, they made a tender of their crown and fealty to the illustrious Margaret. At the head of an army, she marched into Sweden, expelled her rival, and immediately took possession of the throne and government. Margaret, being now invested with the government of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, projected the scheme of the celebrated union of Calmar. At that place, she assembled the States of the three kingdoms, and by their united voice, a solemn decree was passed, the substance of which is comprised in the following articles :

"That Sweden, Denmark and Norway, should thenceforth have but one sovereign ; That the sovereign should be chosen alternately, by each of these kingdoms, and that the election should be ratified by the other ; that each nation should retain its own laws, customs, privileges and dignities ; that the

natives of one kingdom should not be raised to posts of honor or profit, in the other, but should be reputed foreigners out of their own country."

A minute detail of the reign of Margaret will not be expected. It will be sufficient to observe, that, considering the age in which she lived, the rude and barbarous nations over which she swayed the sceptre, and the grand object she effected during her reign, few monarchs have been more capable of sustaining the weight of empire. Hers was one of the three female reigns, which have taken place in modern times, that will ever be illustrious in the annals of nations. The names of Margaret, Elizabeth and Catharine, are, at least sufficient to rescue their sex from the indiscriminate imputation of weakness.

In perusing the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, I saw that he was indeed what his mother made him. I very soon saw the germs of the son's character in the character and pursuits of the mother. She was a woman of great personal beauty—possessed a vigorous mind, physical energy, and a proud and lofty spirit; her highest ambition was to shine as a woman of chivalrous spirit, she followed her husband on his expeditions, on horseback—sharing his perils and fatigues, during the war between Corsica and France; she expended the energies of her mind, and the vigor of her body, in flying from town to town, and village to village, to avoid captivity to the enemy, almost up

to the period of Napoleon's birth. Napoleon was her favorite son—she desired him to be a soldier and a hero. He was what his mother made him! She fostered his love of power, by justifying his tyrannical treatment of his elder brother, Joseph—not permitting even a word of complaint from that brother, of his ill-usage. The very toys of his childhood were subservient to this sole object of his education, and nursed the spirit of war, and his love of conquest and self-elevation. His mother lived to see his highest exaltation, and to lament the lowest depths of his fall, while a prisoner at St. Helena. How tremendous the responsibility of that mother. And in no relation of life is woman's influence greater and more permanent than in that of a mother. "The future character of a child," said the emperor Napoleon himself, "is always the work of its mother;" and he delighted in recollecting that to his parent did he owe much of the greatness of a mind which possibly grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile, with fortitude and dignity."

We have, in Abbott's account of the divorce of Josephine, and history of Maria Louisa, a brief sketch of the train of evils that resulted from the false ambition instilled into his nature by his mother.

"The divorce of Josephine is an ineffaceable stain upon the character of Napoleon. And yet even this



act, so cruel, and so impolitic that even he admits it to have been one of the causes of his ruin, is invested with that peculiar grandeur which surrounded every thing connected with this extraordinary man. The marriage with Maria Louisa, said Napoleon at St. Helena, 'was the cause of my destruction. In contracting it, I placed my foot on an abyss covered over with flowers.'

"That Napoleon loved Josephine, as intensely as so ambitious a spirit was capable of loving any person, cannot be doubted. His connection with her was founded on the most romantic attachment, and was associated with all the most interesting events of his history. His desire for a divorce did not originate in any waning of affection, but was urged by those considerations of state policy for which, in his boundless ambition, he was ready to sacrifice every affection. He deemed it essential to the perpetuity of his throne, that he should add the grandeur of ancestral renown to the glory of his unparalleled exploits; and his desire was intense to be blessed with an heir, who should inherit his throne and perpetuate his name. Rumors had been for some time reaching Josephine, of the doom which was impending over her. Agitated with the most terrible fears, and again clinging to trembling hope, poor Josephine passed several weeks in the agony of suspense. Both were under great restraint, and neither hardly ven-

tured to look at the other. The contemplated divorce was noised abroad, and Josephine read, in the averted looks of her former friends, the indications of her approaching disgrace. 'In what self-constraint,' said she, 'did I pass the period during which, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to appear so to all eyes. Ah! what looks are those which courtiers suffer to fall upon a repudiated wife.'

"They had been accustomed to live upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in their private apartments, free from the restraints of a court, she would loitre in his private cabinet, and he would steal in—an ever welcome intruder—upon the secrecy of her boudoir. Now, reserve and restraint marked every word and movement. The private access between their apartments was closed. Napoleon no longer entered her boudoir, but when he wished to speak to her, respectfully knocking at the door, would wait her approach. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture. They had many private interviews before Napoleon ventured to announce his determination, in which he hinted

at the necessity of the measure. From all these interviews Josephine returned with her eyes so swollen with weeping, as to give her attendants the erroneous impression that personal violence was used to compel her to consent. 'He accomplished his resolution,' said Josephine, 'with a cruelty of which no idea can be formed.' It was, however, the cruelty of the laceration of her heart and the crushing of all her hopes. 'In what stupor, in what uncertainty, more cruel than death, did I live during these discussions, until the fatal day in which he avowed the resolution which I had so long read in his countenance.'

"The fatal day for the announcement at length arrived. Josephine appears to have had some presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all the day she had been in her private apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, to conceal her weeping and swollen eyes, she wore a head-dress with a deep front, which shaded the whole of the upper part of her face. They dined alone. Napoleon entered the room in the deepest embarrassment. He uttered not a word, but mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, as if to divert his thoughts. Josephine could not conceal the convulsive agitations of her frame. They sat during the whole meal in silence. The various courses were brought in, and removed untouched by either. Says Josephine, 'We dined together as usual. I

struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed from my eyes: I uttered not a single word during that solitary meal; and he broke silence: but once, to ask an attendant about the weather. My sun-shine, I saw had passed away; the storm burst quickly.' Immediately after this sorrowful repast, Napoleon requested the attendants to leave the room. The Emperor, closing the door after them with his own hand, approached Josephine, who was trembling in every nerve. The struggle in the soul of Napoleon was fearful. His whole frame trembled. His countenance assumed the expression of the firm resolve which nerved him to this unpardonable wrong. He took the hand of the Empress, pressed it to his heart, gazed for a moment, speechless, upon those features which had won his youthful love; and then, with a voice tremulous with the storm which shook both soul and body, said, 'Josephine, my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.' 'Say no more,' exclaimed the Empress, in mortal anguish. 'I expected this. I understand and feel for you; but the stroke is not the less mortal'—and with a piercing shriek she fell lifeless upon the floor.

"Napoleon hastily opened the door, and called for help. His physician, Dr. Corvisart, was at hand, and entering with other attendants, they raised the unconscious Josephine from the floor; who, in a delirium of agony, was exclaiming, 'Oh no, you cannot, you cannot do it! You would not kill me.' Napoleon supported the limbs of Josephine, while another bore her body, and thus they conveyed her to her bed-room. Placing the insensible Empress upon the bed, Napoleon again dismissed the attendants, and rang for her women, who, on entering, found him bending over her lifeless form, with an expression of the deepest anxiety and anguish. Napoleon slept not that night, but paced his room in silence and solitude, probably lashed by an avenging conscience. He frequently, during the night, returned to Josephine's room to inquire concerning her situation; but each time, the sound of his footstep and his voice, almost threw the agonized Empress into convulsions. 'No! No! says Josephine, 'I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. O, my God! How justly had I reason to dread becoming an Empress!"

"At length the day arrived for the public announcement of the divorce. The imperial Council of State was convened in the Tuileries, and all the members of the imperial family, and all the prominent officers

of the empire were present. Napoleon, with his pale and care-worn features, but ill-concealed by the drooping plumes which were arranged to overshadow them, sacrificing strong love to still stronger ambition, with a voice made firm by the very struggle with which he was agitated, in the following terms assigned to the world the reasons for this cruel separation.

“The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. That it is, which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of my marriage.— Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thought and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart, but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She

has embellished fifteen years of my life ; the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand ; she shall retain always the rank and title of Empress ; but above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend.'

"Josephine, with a faltering voice, and with her eyes suffused with tears, replied :—' I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart ; the Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart ; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth.'

"Such were the sentiments, replete with dignity and grandeur, which were uttered in public. But Josephine returned from this dreadful effort, to her chamber of the darkest wo, and so violent and so

protracted was her anguish, that for six months she was nearly blinded with grief.

“The next day after the public announcement to the imperial Council of State, of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries, for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of December, 1810. Napoleon was there, in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar, as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the centre of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm chair was placed before the table. A silence as of death pervaded the room, and all eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter, Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment, and continued sobbing as though her heart would break.



All immediately arose, upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned with a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul, as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood beside his mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair. At the close of this painful duty, Josephine, for a moment, pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes—but instantly regaining her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and with a trembling hand took the pen and placed her signature to the deed which forever separated her from the object of her dearest affections, and from all her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and he was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired.

"But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of wo. Josephine sat in her chamber, in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence, and in wretchedness Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared, with swollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the dishabille of unutterable agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room—approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped—and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she now had no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress, but forgetting every thing in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Napoleon also wept while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they remained together in this their last interview, and then Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired, the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bed-clothes, as to be invisible. And

when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation to the sufferings of a sleepless night.

“At eleven o'clock the next morning, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuileries forever. The whole household assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress, whom they had loved, and who, to use the expression of one present, carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence. Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which almost immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not, but entering a close carriage, with six horses, drove rapidly away, without darting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness.

“The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of tears, she gradually gained composure, as time scarified the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. She heard the merry peals of the bells, and the thun-

ders of artillery, and the shouts of the populace as they welcomed Napoleon's new bride, Maria Louisa, to the throne and the palace from which she had been banished. She witnessed the illuminations and the rejoicings with which all France was filled, upon the birth of the long wished-for son. Napoleon continued to cherish for Josephine the most sincere regard, and though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone, he frequently called upon her, and continued frequently to correspond with her. In all the busiest scenes of his downfall and ruin, he would seize moments to write to Josephine. And a letter from her was immediately torn open, the moment it was received, however pressing the engagements in which he was involved. And strange to say, Josephine continued to cherish for him emotions of the most ardent affection. She seemed most cordially to rejoice in the birth of his child. All her griefs were forgotten in seeing Napoleon happy. The Emperor often called, taking with him his idolized boy, who was as great a favorite of Josephine as of the father. In a letter to Napoleon she says, 'The moment I saw you enter, leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was, unquestionably, one of the happiest in my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had preceded it, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection.'

"It was soon evident that there was no surer way

of securing the favor of Napoleon, than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts, and all the crowned heads of Europe. The household of Josephine was one of imperial magnificence. Here she reigned by the resistless magic of love. She was never known to speak a harsh word to a member of her household. When any one was sick, Josephine was ever at the bedside to cheer the sufferer. And the poor, for many leagues around, regarded her almost with adoration.

“When Napoleon, separated from Maria Louisa and his child, was sent to Elba, all the warmth of a wife’s tender love burst forth anew in the bosom of Josephine. She received a very affectionate letter from the Emperor. The perusal of it overwhelmed her with grief. She exclaimed, ‘I must not remain here—my presence is necessary to the Emperor. That duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa’s than mine; but the Emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy—now I am sure he expects me.’ She immediately wrote to Napoleon, soliciting his permission to share his exile with him. ‘I have been on the point,’ she says, ‘of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may di-

vine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I am the only one who will fulfil her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you, when you are thus isolated and unknown! Say but the word, and I depart.' But care and sorrow had preyed so heavily upon her, that her health became extremely precarious. A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of distinguished foreigners, dined with Josephine. In the evening the party went upon the beautiful lawn, in front of the house, to enjoy the favorite game of prisoners. Josephine, while striving to promote the enjoyment of her guests, took cold, and after a few days illness, closed her eyes upon all the eventful scenes of her earthly lot. The Emperor Alexander, Eugene, and Hortense, stood by the bed-side of the dying Empress. All the allied sovereigns paid tributes of respect to her memory, and she was followed to the tomb by countless thousands, with a pomp of sorrow such as earth had seldom witnessed before. The place of her burial is now marked by a very beautiful, white marble monument, with the simple, yet affecting inscription,

EUGENE AND HORTENSE,  
TO  
JOSEPHINE."

"A darker day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shot and shells upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagles of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlook the city, the royal family, with the 'hot haste' which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It is midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flames are bursting forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red hot balls crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and upheaving the most massy dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath the ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combattants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunders of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

"In one of the chambers of the royal palace, there lies a maiden, sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and mother, in the consternation of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheek is flushed with

fever, and again paled with terror as the uproar of the assault, like angry thunders, fills the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration, portentiously gleam through the windows, upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bed-clothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants, and the shrieks of the wounded. In the midst of this most dreadful scene, the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattling hosts till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and the peril of the princess. He instantly orders every gun to be changed, which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruins and with blood. But Maria Lousia remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine, in the consternation of that night, that it was her future husband who was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital. And little did the plebian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be the Queen of France, and



that by this bombardment he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars.

“Napoleon, despairing of offspring from Josephine, and consumed with the most intense desire to have an heir who should inherit his glory and perpetuate his name, resolves to sever the ties which bind him to Josephine, the wife of his youth, and to obtain a more youthful bride from the subservient monarchies around him. He hoped thus to secure an heir in whose person should be allied all that was glorious in his own achievements, and all that is illustrious in exalted descent. The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique originating in this marriage, alienated Alexander, of Russia, from the French Emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena. When the designs of Napoleon were known, every court in Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the blood royal, as a bride for the mighty conqueror. The Russian court proffers any of its high-born maidens to the acceptance of the master spirit, at whose frown all Europe trembles. And the Austrian monarchy,

the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed, with his plebian marshals, in its palaces. After much deliberation, Napoleon decided to accept the alliance of Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with his renown. Napoleon was forty-two. On the 12th of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, she left the palace of her father, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before, had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers, from cutting the traces of the carriages and preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on its way towards the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him. 'She is not beautiful,' he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, 'but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!'

"When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the

French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and the tri-colored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphal arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in the beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride, and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage, he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress, and, entirely regardless of all the restrains and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace, with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never before or since, has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuilleries, from which Jose-

phine, but three months before, had been so cruelly ejected. Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the ambassadors of all the courts of Europe revolved around her as their central luminary. But who can tell how dismally these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine, as she sat weeping in her deserted chamber.

"In one year from that time, Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted, and her anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed. 'Save the mother,' said Napoleon; but, perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind, in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, 'Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis.' The physicians, re-assured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

"The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France, with the most sincere interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the Invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a prince, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning

of the 20th of March, 1811, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge, and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of France, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger

through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.

"The sisters of Alexander of Russia, were mortified and exceedingly irritated, that Napoleon should have selected an Austrian rather than a Russian Princess for his bride. In these feelings the Russian Court generally participated. Coldness and alienation and mutual recriminations ensued. Anticipating a rupture, Alexander began to marshal his armies. Napoleon, that he might not be attacked unprepared, also armed. Step by step these angry demonstrations were continued, till the disastrous campaign to Moscow was arranged, to 'conquer a peace.' When Napoleon had made all his preparations for this majestic enterprise, and had assembled his legions upon the frontiers of his almost boundless empire, Maria Louisa accompanied him as far as Dresden. That was the hour, and that was the place where Napoleon stood upon the very pinnacle of his glory. He had arrived at the summit of the pyramid, and as all eyes were riveted upon him, awe-stricken, he made one false step and rolled a mangled corpse, to the dust. At Dresden there was literally a Congress of Kings, all doing homage to him who appeared to hold their crowns in his hands, and who could enthrone them or dethrone them at his pleasure. The wife of Napoleon was then surrounded with more of splendor and homage, than any female had

probable ever received before. The pomp and pride of the continent revolved around her, and before her youthful diadem the oldest potentates bowed in reverence. Queens were her maids of honor, and amid the brilliant throng of princes and of courtiers, she beamed forth the cynosure of all eyes. The lustre which encircled her husband enveloped her in its blaze of glory. It was, however, but the intense glare of the meteor, the precursor of the blackness and darkness which follows its explosion.

“Napoleon appointed Maria Regent of France during his absence. She returned from Dresden quietly to Paris, while the Emperor proceeded with his glittering band of five hundred thousand warriors, in the campaign where he lost his army and his crown. At the termination of that most disastrous enterprise Napoleon, leaving his frozen hosts beneath the drifts of a Russian winter, fled as on the wings of the storm itself, day and night, over the bleak wilds of Poland and of Germany, till, in advance of all his couriers, he arrived in Paris in midnight. Unattended and unexpected as he was, it was with no little difficulty that he could get the gates of his own palace open for his admission. Maria having heard rumors of the destruction of the army, had just retired to rest in the deepest dejection, when the voices of two men were heard in the ante-chamber, and a cry of astonishment from one of the

maids of honor announced that something extraordinary had occurred. The Empress in terror leaped from her bed, when the door was burst open, and she was seized and enfolded in the embrace of a man enveloped in his wintry riding dress. It was Napoleon. Their interview was tender and affecting. He had returned to his capital a fugitive. His army was literally annihilated. And all the powers of combined Europe were preparing to pour down upon France in resistless numbers. Despair alone could nerve one with energy to attempt to meet such a crisis.

"Never did mortal man before arouse himself to such herculean efforts as Napoleon made in these days of disaster. With electric energy he convulsed every fibre of France. Not a day, not an hour, not a moment was lost. The long wars which had desolated Europe, had drained France of its vigorous youth. Hundreds of thousands of her chosen young men were now lying, frozen into blocks of ice, upon the storm-swept plains of Scandinavia, and the tempests of winter were piling over them their winding sheets of snow. None were left but boys and old men, to meet the swelling flood of invasion. Napoleon gathers around him a little band, many of them beardless youths of seventeen, and with a saddened yet determined spirit advances to stem the inundation which, like ocean billows, is rolling



in upon the frontiers of France. Before setting out from Paris on his desperate enterprise, he took a very solemn and affecting leave of Maria and his son. It was Sabbath evening. Napoleon assembled in the apartments of the Tuileries all the principal officers of the National Guard. A religious ceremony was connected with the interview, to render it additionally imposing. As the Emperor took the beautiful child, then three years of age, in his arms, and passing through the ranks of the officers, with a most touching address presented him to them as their future sovereign, cries of enthusiasm filled the apartment, and those gray-headed veterans wept with emotion. The bell on the towers of Notre Dame was tolling 3 o'clock in the morning, when Napoleon rode through the dark and deserted streets of Paris, to join the army. He never saw Maria or his son again.

"A sublimer scene has rarely been witnessed, than the almost superhuman struggles of Napoleon against the fearful odds which came rushing upon him. Wherever he meets his foes, he hurls his little band upon them and scatters them as leaves before the tempest. And still the concentric lines draw nearer to his capital. For even when victory is perched upon the banner of the Emperor, and, with his beardless boys, he is trampling in the dust the shaggy barbarians of Hungary and Tartary, in other

parts of the interminable line the countless hosts are advancing. They roll on and roll on, from the North, and the East and the South, like the locusts of Syria. Often as Napoleon rode over the gory field, and saw the slender and fragile forms with which the ground was strewn, inured as he was to scenes of carnage, and contending as he was for his throne and his liberty, he forgot himself and wept. But it was all in vain. Europe had risen in arms against a single man. The allies pressed on, and soon their batteries were reared upon the heights which surrounded Paris, and their balls began to fall upon the roofs of the beleaguered city like the first drops of a tempest. Napoleon was absent, breasting the invaders in one part of the vast segment by which they were approaching. All hearts in the metropolis were frozen with terror; and to avoid the horrors of a bombardment the capital of France capitulated, and Napoleon was ruined.

“It was indeed a gloomy hour, when Maria Louisa with her son descended from the apartments of the Tuileries to escape from Paris. In the distance could be heard the thunders of the approaching battle, and the young Napoleon clung screaming to the tapestry, refusing to be torn from the palace of his father. Pale and dejected, the unhappy Empress entered her carriage, while a Parisian crowd gazed upon the scene in melancholy silence. It was the

burial hour of the Napoleon dynasty. The funeral procession in a long train of carriages passed slowly away, and Maria deserting her husband in the hour of his greatest need, threw herself upon the protection of the Allies. If she had possessed one emotion of real greatness, then was the hour to have shown it, and to have extorted the admiration of mankind. Had Paris held out three hours longer, Napoleon would have thrown himself behind its defences, and would at last have compelled his foes to come to reasonable terms. He felt most keenly the want of character manifested by his wife on this occasion. Once only, in the most confidential intercourse, did he allow himself to utter any expression of these feelings. 'Who can calculate the effects,' he said, 'which would have been produced by my youthful consort running through the ranks of the army and the National Guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage and their bayonets. Whenever I think of it, the anguish abridges my life of an hour.'

"Had Maria possessed the heroic soul of Joan of Arc, or of Charlotte Corday, she would have ennobled herself and her sex in this crisis, which seemed to invite her to achievements of magnanimity. She would have roused the enthusiasm of the nation, and rushing to the rescue of Napoleon, would have

thrown entire France upon the invaders. But Maria was no heroine. Had Maria been capable of cherishing those deep and sacred emotions of woman's love, which glowed in the truly imperial soul of Josephine, and which would have made her the idol of all true hearts, she would have clung to Napoleon with deathless fervor in those days of adversity, and would have won the admiration of the world. Maria, following her husband to Elba, sharing his perils at Waterloo, and seated by his side on the storm-washed rocks of St. Helena, would have occupied, in the eyes of all nations, a more exalted throne than her illustrious ancestors of Rome ever embellished. And in her own living, glowing, throbbing heart, she would have found a luxury of emotion, for which one might well spurn all the baubles of pomp, and pride, and power. But Maria was 'of the earth, earthy.' In the poverty of her ignoble spirit, she preferred to dally with her own chamberlain, upon voluptuous sofas, in the luxurious apartments of a ducal palace, and to leave her husband to languish and to die alone. Peace be with you, Maria.

"It was perhaps less the fault than the misfortune of Maria, that her soul was incommensurate with the grandeur of her circumstances. She was by nature merely a mild, amiable woman, and utterly incapable of heroic action, or of romantic love. There is no power upon earth by which the mind of man is

so perfectly entranced, as by the spirit of a truly noble woman. One is constrained to bow, almost with adoration, before the alliance of female loveliness with the lofty attributes of the soul. The union is rare, but when encountered, the entranced spirit does it willing homage. There are spirits dwelling in these mortal frames, which seem almost radiant with the lustre of heaven. But they are seldom cradled under the canopy of a throne.

“It is true that the situation of Maria, during this conflict, was peculiar, and, for a feeble mind, extremely embarrassing. The armies of Austria and France were arrayed against each other. Her father and her husband had crossed swords with the most unrelenting hostility. The affections are plants which do not thrive in the atmosphere of courts. Napoleon could immolate Josephine upon the altar of his political ambition; and the Emperor of Austria had no hesitation in sacrificing the grandeur of his daughter to promote the grandeur of his throne. In the downfall of France, the spoilers would share the booty. And Francis was very willing to wrest territory and power from his own child, that he might annex them to his own dominions. It is not, perhaps, strange that a daughter of the Cæsars should inherit this passion of the Cæsars. As Maria saw the empire of Napoleon falling into fragments, she forgot

both her husband and her son, in her eagerness to save what she could from the wreck for herself.

“How different, on the contrary, was the conduct of Josephine. She was the child of an obscure planter of Martinique. But her spirit was of celestial mould. In the day of Napoleon’s ruin, she forgot herself and her heart-rending wrongs, and was eager to abandon all the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to follow the fortunes of her former husband into poverty, obscurity and exile. How infinitely superior are opulence and nobility of soul, to the accidents of birth. Exalted lineage does but render more conspicuous degrading, lowness and vulgarity and dishonor.

“In the treaty between Napoleon and the allied powers, by which Napoleon renounced for himself and his heirs the throne of France, it was stipulated that Maria Louisa and his son should be permitted to accompany him to Elba. As the day for his departure drew nigh, and Maria still remained with her father and the allies, Napoleon, supposing that she was forcibly detained, refused to move, alleging that the allied powers had violated their compact, and threatened to appeal to the army to renew the war. The Austrian Commissioner solemnly assured him that Maria remained behind of her own free will. This cruel desertion was felt by the Emperor very keenly. He, however, was never heard to speak one unkind

word of Maria. A few sentences only, which escaped his lips at St. Helena, showed how deeply his soul was wounded. But a few days before the civilized world seemed to revolve around him in homage. Now he was deserted nearly by all—even by his own wife and child. His old Guard, who had surrounded him with their eagles in so many sanguinary conflicts, alone remained faithful.

“As Napoleon, deserted by his wife and child, took his solitary way to Elba, often overwhelmed with the profoundest grief, and again rousing his energies to smile at the caprice of fortune, Maria, with the young king of Rome, entered her carriage, to return to the palaces of her father. She was silent and dejected. In an hour, as it were, she had been plunged from the very pinnacle of earthly splendor, into dependence, obscurity, friendlessness and uncertainty. She was extremely solicitous in reference to her future lot. By abandoning the ruined fortunes of her husband, she hoped to secure for herself a better inheritance than had been allowed him. Alone and ungreeted, she retraced the route by which, four years before, she had been conducted a bride and a queen, surrounded by more than imperial splendor, and welcomed by the acclamations of thirty millions of voices. The few remarks, however, which she made, showed that her thoughts were intent upon her own lost grandeur, and that she had almost for-

gotten her husband and her child. She was a daughter of the Cæsars, and longed for Cæsar's share of the loaves and fishes.

"Having arrived in Austria, she took up her residence for a time at the chateau of Shoenbrun, a few miles from Vienna, a magnificent pleasure place, belonging to the Austrian kings. Here the allied sovereigns were assembled, revelling in wine and was-sail. In the midst of their imperial carousings, with songs, and dances, and the most voluptuous licentiousness, they were quarrelling about the division of their booty. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria and Wirtemberg; Sovereign Dukes and Grand Dukes without number, and a countless throng of ambassadors from England, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and all the countries and provinces of Europe, had there gathered in the scramble for the spoil of Napoleon. Jewelled courtesans thronged the masquerade ball of these royal revellers, and mingled with the gorgeous throng upon the prater, in gilded chariots, and glittering with diamonds. Queens in masquerade condescended to flirtation with the motely yet resplendent crowd, and all hearts were surrendered to the dominion of voluptuous and forbidden pleasure. It would have been manifestly too indecorous for Maria openly to have participated in these rejoicings over the wreck of her own and her husband's for-



tunes. But ascending to an attic window, she solaced herself in gazing down upon festivities in which she could not participate. The veil of oblivion was drawn over her imperial husband, and even over her own sorrows, as like a true daughter of Eve, she watched from her peep-hole the flirtations of kings and ambassadors, of queens and princesses.

"Here glide Metternich and Castlereagh, as gay masqueraders, more deeply absorbed for the moment in contemptible coquetry and faithless amours, than in the political questions for the decision of which armies were gathering and empires frowning. This gaudy gallant, surrendering himself to the fascinations of an unknown fair one, is the King of Prussia. That flowing pelisse and picturesque Hungarian costume envelope the person of the Emperor of Austria, who is dancing to the tune, so edifying to his daughter, the 'Downfall of Paris.' Maximillian, King of Bavaria, mingles in these orgies in the same brilliant costume in which Maria had often seen him at the levees of Napoleon, doing homage to that imperial spirit, whom these banded monarchs now affect to despise. This colossal figure is easily recognized as the King of Wirtemberg. The magnificent domino, resplendent with gold, which is gathered so gracefully around him, cannot disguise his gigantic frame. And the nimble grisette, with whom he is flirting, is that very Duchess of Oldenburg, whose

female jealousy was aroused by Napoleon's rejection of her proffered hand, and by his marriage with an Austrian princess. 'A Russian princess,' she haughtily says in her mortification and chagrin, 'is not to be won like a peasant girl, simply by the asking.' Unfortunately for her consistency, she was offered to Napoleon and rejected by him. Talleyrand stealthily glides through those festive halls, a wily spy, listening to conversation, detecting the masquers, and reporting each night to the Bourbons all amours and intrigues but his own. Upon this scene, from her 'loop-hole of retreat,' Maria gazes with wistful eyes. Four years before, in that same hall, she had appeared in bridal robes, the central object of attraction, the destined spouse of Napoleon, to ascend a more exalted throne than her imperial ancestors ever occupied. Now she was forgotten.

"As Napoleon, from his Lilliputian realm of Elba, contemplated the carousals of his banded foes, his lip curled with contempt. His mind, so untiring in its energies for the promotion of national grandeur; so absorbed in devotion to enterprises which should leave a lasting impress upon the world, could not but regard with scorn the regal fops who were dancing away their days at Vienna. Alexander of Russia had the most elevation of character of them all. He admired the intellectual supremacy of Napoleon, and half-regretted that he had joined the alliance to

dethrone the most enegetic monarch who had ever swayed a sceptre. In the Congress, his influence was ever exerted to moderate the measures adopted in reference to the fallen Emperor. He openly declared—'the Bourbons are now once more upon the throne. Let them keep there. If they fall again, I shall not lift them up.' Maria was in the midst of the 'mob of kings,' eagerly watching her interests and urging her claims.

"On the 28th of April, 1814, Napoleon set sail from France for his exile in Elba. The nation was soon weary of the imbecile Bourbons, and longed for the return of their Emperor, who commanded the respect of the world. On the 1st of March, 1815, Napoleon landed again upon the shores of France. The Congress of Vienna was still in session. And it is a curious illustration of these crowned heads, that the announcement that Napoleon had returned, that France was receiving him with acclamation, and the terror-stricken Bourbons were fleeing from their throne, was received with uncontrollable bursts of laughter.

"The quarrel among the allied monarchs had now risen to such a pitch that they were just upon the point of hurling their armies upon each other, when the fugitive Bourbons appeared among them, pallid with fear and imploring help. The allies were compelled to bury all their animosities in com-

bining against the common foe. Maria, fearing that her interests might be endangered by this movement of the Emperor, took very special pains to inform the allies that she had no sympathy with Napoleon in his heroic enterprise, and that she would on no account re-unite herself with him and return to France. But when the army and the nation had received Napoleon with shouts of welcome, and he was again seated upon the throne where he had reigned with so much glory, and all Europe was trembling with the apprehension that he would come down upon them with terrible retribution, then Maria longed to return to the grandeur of the Tuileries, and to share again the renown of her imperial spouse. But she was ashamed to do so. She had so selfishly abandoned him in the hours of misfortune, that she could not summon sufficient effrontery to rush into his embrace in the day of triumph. In the perplexity into which she was thrown by the mingled emotions of hope and dread which now oppressed her, she was heard to say, as if thinking aloud, 'If I could only be assured that he would not blame me for not having gone to Elba'—and then after a pause, as if in conclusion of a train of inward thought—'but I am surrounded by persons who cannot fail to have inculcated me.' It was evident that her mind was ill at ease, from the many excuses she made to those around her for the course

she had pursued. She endeavored to appease her own self-reproaches, by stating that 'necessity had compelled her;' that she 'was not mistress of her own actions;' that 'she could not disobey her father;' that 'Austrian princesses were merely tools in the hands of the head of the family;' and finally, that she 'was born under a malignant star, and was never destined to be happy.' None of these excuses, however, would avail to quiet the condemning sentence of her own conscience; and she was at last constrained to avow, that having refused to share Napoleon's disgrace, she was ashamed to partake of a prosperity which she had done nothing to promote. There is here a glow-worm glimmering of honor. Let Maria be credited with it all. She cannot afford to part with one particle which is due her.

"Chateaubriand had pithily remarked, 'that if the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick, on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other.' The sole of Napoleon's foot had hardly touched the soil of France, when this saying was verified. Europe, from one extremity to the other, simultaneously resounded with clangor of arms. The gleaming banners of Alexander were seen pressing down through all the defiles of Russia and of Poland, leading on to the conflict three hundred thousand

men. Austria sent the war summons with electric energy through all her wide-spread dominions, into the plains of subjugated Italy, and to the remotest hamlets among the Hungarian mountains.

“There are few events recorded in history, which appear to me more to be deplored than the result of the battle of Waterloo. The wars of Napoleon were, in the main, undeniably, wars of self-defence. The unrelenting and persevering hostility with which England endeavored to combine the powers of Europe against the elected Emperor of France, has not a shadow of justification; and every day the verdict of the world upon this subject, is becoming more unanimous and decisive. With all the faults of Napoleon, he was immeasurably superior to the banded kings who were struggling, by his overthrow, to support the despotism of their thrones. Napoleon, during his short reign, did more for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, and for the elevation of the masses of the people, than all the combined kings of Europe have done for the last three centuries. The prevailing impressions of Bonaparte are derived from the gross caricatures of the English historians—his inveterate foes. Can Lockhart and Scott, who write to flatter national vanity, and to please aristocratic ears, fairly delineate the character of the renowned enemy whom that nation has so long delighted to traduce? As well may you ex-

poet the Quarterly Review fairly to describe republican America.

“ ‘When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo,’ says Robert Hall, ‘I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.’ The eyes of all nations were fixed upon the spot where the armies of Christendom were concentrating for the decisive conflict. On the one side were all the banded monarchs of Europe. On the other was Napoleon. The match was almost an equal one. A morning of the peaceful Sabbath ushered in the dreadful conflict. During all the long hours of that sacred day, till the sun was descending, the battle raged with sanguinary ferocity. At every point Napoleon was victorious, and the mangled, wavering lines before him, gave assurance that the eagles of France were again triumphant. Wellington, as he gazed upon his melting battallions, trembled before the genius of Napoleon, and wiping the cold sweat of agony from his brow, exclaimed, ‘I wish that Blucher or night were come!’ The foaming couriers of the Emperor were on their way to Paris, with the tidings of the victory.

“ At that eventful hour a black mass of thirty thousand Prussians suddenly appeared, headed by Blucher, and poured down like an avalanche upon the field of battle. The troops of Napoleon, exhausted by the herculean toil of the day, and unable to resist this new onset, were, after the most desperate re-

sistance, overwhelmed and swept away. All was lost. Maria, from the palaces of Vienna, looked on apparently with imperturbable equanimity, as the star of her husband's glory paled and faded away on the field of Waterloo. His defeat relieved her mind from serious embarrassment. She moved smilingly amid the group of his exulting foes, and even appeared in public leaning upon the arm of the Duke of Wellington. There is no evidence that she shed a tear or experienced an emotion of regret, as her husband was borne, like a caged lion, to that barren rock which was to be his prison and his grave. Not one word of sympathy or tenderness was sent to him from Maria, as he bade adieu to every object he held dear upon earth, and entered upon a doom more intolerable than death.

"Napoleon had hardly arrived at that dreary rock, where in misery he was to wear away the few remaining years of his life, when Maria Louisa, highly elated with her good fortune, departed from Vienna in gilded chariots, surrounded with fawning favorites, to enjoy her possessions as Duchess of Parma. She assumed no garb of mourning. She affected no grief of bereavement and widowhood. Congratulating herself that her lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, and that she had a goodly heritage, she allowed no pleasures to be marred by unavailing regrets. Forgetting her imperial husband on that dreary rock



which his sufferings have immortalized ; forgetting her son, born to so exalted a destiny, more splendidly, but none the less ingloriously an exile and a prisoner in Vienna ; she surrendered herself with the most amiable philosophy, to all the enjoyments within her reach. Colonel Neipperg, a Hungarian Count, had been appointed by the Austrian Cabinet, to accompany Maria Louisa to Parma. He was to do all in his power to divert her mind from the grandeur which she had fallen from, and to lure her to all the public and private haunts of festivity. His task was easy and agreeable, and faithfully he performed his mission.

“The silvery lake is gilded by romantic moonlight. The soft air of Italian summer invites an excursion upon the water. The boat glides over the unrippled surface, which shows a concave of moon and stars, and fathomless immensity beneath as above. Soft music, of flutes, and still more liquid voices, floats upon the cool zephyrs. Maria reclines upon the cushioned seats, leaning upon the arm of Neipperg, and yields herself to the luxury of the hour. How can she send her imagination from that scene of enchantment to the foggy, storm-swept, rain-drenched rock, where Napoleon is imprisoned ! A pleasure jaunt is planned to Genoa. The ducal chariot is drawn by prancing steeds gaily caparisoned. Liveryed servants, and out-riders with glittering sabres,

and in rich uniforms, compose the splendid cortege. The brilliant vision sweeps along through the ever-varying scenes of sunny Italy. In the luxurious carriage of the young duchess sits Neipperg by the side of Maria. They read, they talk, they sing. Looks of affectionate recognition are interchanged, and words of tenderness are uttered. Thousands of leagues of stormy ocean intervene between Maria and Napoleon. She can never see him again. Why, then, should she think of him any more. Marriage, says infidel Europe, is a partnership, to be formed or dissolved at pleasure. My partnership with Napoleon, thinks Maria, is dissolved by his absence. Why may I not form another? The world will condemn, whispers an inward voice. Then I will not tell the world, thinks Maria. And she returns the pressure of Neipperg's hand. Maria wants counsel in the affairs of state. Neipperg is at hand to give direction to her wavering purpose, and the cabinet council is prolonged late into the hours of the night. She wishes to stroll along the banks of the romantic stream, or ascend the mountain. The accommodating Count lends her his hand, and supports her by his encircling arm. Maria loves not solitude, and would avoid meditation. She would walk in the garden, but desires a friend, on whose arm she can lean, and who will beguile her thoughts. Neipperg is on the alert. They saunter lovingly among the shrubbery which

fringes the serpentine walks, and recline, till the stars gem the sky, in bowers fragrant with the perfume of every odoriferous plant. Oh! if one could only forget. Maria could forget. Maria was an Epicurean. The pleasure-loving philosophy is very comfortable to those who have no souls. The daughter of the Cæsars had no soul. Surrendering herself to all the seductions of momentary enjoyment, her slumbering spirit was undisturbed either by anguish or remorse. And yet the living agony of some minds is far preferable to the dead repose of others.

"True, Neipperg was a stiff, formal Hungarian soldier. The automaton manners had left their coarse impress upon him. One eye had been torn out by a bullet, and a black patch covered the deformity. He was twenty years older than Maria, and had no attractions of mind or of body to win a generous woman's love. The flexible heart of Maria, however, gladly sought solace for its voluntary widowhood with this unalluring courtier. Floating upon the current of self-indulgence, she endeavored with timbrels and dances to beguile life of its cares. Revelling in scenes of festivity, and luxuriating upon velvet sofas, she hugged her comforts, and heeded not the storms which howled around the eternal crags of her husband's prison. Cousining Napoleon to the grave of oblivion, and forgetting that she had ever been a wife, a mother and an Empress, she yielded

herself to the seductions of each passing hour. And yet who, that has an emotion of honorable feeling, would not infinitely prefer to have been Napoleon, listening to the dirge of careering storm and dashing wave, upon the sea-engirdled, mist-enveloped rock, rather than to have been Maria in her ducal palace, on the sunny plains of Italy, breathing the fragrance of violets, and lulled to slumber by the soft music of the lute. Maria! though thou wert cradled in the palaces of the Cæsars, it was indeed an ignoble spirit which chose thy frame as its tabernacle. Yet, after all, it must be confessed that the soulless and the heartless, glide comfortably through such a world as this. If they know nothing of the deeper excitements and nobler emotions of our nature, they are also saved from that intensity of suffering which, at times, will wring almost the life-blood from the sensitive heart. The terrific storm of temptation never 'wrecks their sky.' The anguish of conscious frailty or wrong-doing never lacerate their hearts. Like the stalled ox, they ruminate in sunshine and storm, and die in peace.

"A secret marriage, it is commonly reported, was soon consummated between Maria and Count Neipperg, which was publicly recognized soon after the death of Napoleon. Three children have been the issue of this union. The oldest, a daughter, is married to an Italian Count, Grand Chamberlain of Par-

ma. A son, the Count de Monti Nuevo, is an officer in the Austrian army. A second daughter died in infancy. Ten years ago Count Neipperg died, and Maria was again left a widow.

"When, some four years ago, the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena, to repose upon the banks of the Seine, the eyes of the civilized world were directed to the sublime spectacle. The French nation arose, as one man, to do homage to the dust of their mighty Emperor. The gray-headed survivors of the Old Guard, who had proved faithful to Napoleon through all his reverses, came tottering to meet their beloved chieftain, now returning triumphant, though in death. The King, the royal family, the nobility, the people in the city and in the country all came — a mourning nation — to honor the memory of Napoleon. Such a scene of surpassing moral sublimity, earth has seldom, if ever, witnessed. As in solemn pomp the remains of the Emperor were conveyed through the streets of the capital, where he had so often moved the most powerful of monarchs, all the sons and daughters of France bowed their heads in sorrow, as children weeping over a father's sepulture.

"Maria, in her ducal palace, was at so short a distance from France, that she could almost hear the muffled drums, the tolling bells, the booming of the cannon, and the solemn requiems by which the ashes

of her husband were so mournfully welcomed to the land over which he had so gloriously reigned. Under the majestic dome of the Invalids, which his own energy had reared, the body of Napoleon now slumbers awaiting the resurrection. But the widow of Napoleon could take no part in these impressive scenes. Maria discreetly decided to remain at home. And when a nation wept at the burial of her imperial husband, she sat listless in her palace, with unmoistened eye and unmoved heart.

“Had Josephine been then living, every eye would have turned to her. She would have been the prominent mourner; and sorrowing France would have bowed before her in veneration. One can almost see the faithful spirit of Josephine rise from the grave to welcome her returning husband, and to invite him to slumber in death by her side. A few years ago the young King of Rome, who had received from the Austrian Court the title of the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of eighteen years. He had been reared at Vienna, forgotten by his mother, and carefully guarded against all knowledge of the heroic character and achievements of his imperial father. As the name of Bonaparte was still a word of terror to the thrones of Europe, his untimely death was probably regarded with satisfaction by all crowned heads. It is not improbable that the son of Napoleon was borne to the tomb unaccompanied by a

single mourner. His birth was hailed by the acclamations of thirty millions, and received the congratulations of every court in Europe. His death was unnoticed and unlamented.

"On the 17th of December, 1847, came the closing scene in the life of Maria. She had passed through fifty-seven years. At the silent hour of midnight, with peaceful attendants around her pillow, she breathed her last, and departed to that tribunal where we all in turn must appear. The world had long forgotten her. She had neither enemies nor friends. Her death caused none to mourn, and none but those who inherited her estates to rejoice. '*Requiescat pax.*'"

'So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep.'"

As a last proof of maternal influence, we will present, in contrast with that of the mother of Napoleon, that of the mother of Lamartine, whose influence for the last few months has been so great in France. He thus opens the beautiful narrative :

"My mother had received from hers, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of Revelation, in which she taught me to read, when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings on sacred subjects on every page. They depicted Sarah, Joseph and Samuel; and above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primi-

itive nature of the East was blended with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open in her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense.

"She was endowed by nature with a mind as pious as it was tender; and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination. All her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment an image. Her beautiful, noble and benignant countenance reflected, in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her heart, and all that was painted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice, added to all that she said, an accent of strength, grace and love, which still sounds in my ear, after six years of absence. The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.

"From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with a desire to go and visit those mountains on which God descended; those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her famished child, dying



with thirst, might derive refreshment; those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise; the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. The desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I was always dreaming of travelling in the East. I never ceased arranging, in my mind, a vast and religious epoch, of which these beautiful spots should be principal scenes."

## CHAPTER X.

To the subjects which we have presented, we will add that of Temperance, with a few facts; last, though not the least, as will be admitted by every lover of human happiness.

As we contrast the present reformed state of our country with the universal practice of spirit drinking only twenty-five years ago, who can refrain from attributing this change to the influence of truth, benevolence, and the blessing of Heaven. Who is there so blind as not to see that the astonishing change in the opinions and practices of hundreds of thousands, and even millions of men, relative to this matter, has been produced by the hand of God? What has conquered their errors, and established their minds in right opinions? Truth! What has melted down their prejudices and moulded their hearts in recip.o-

cal friendship, besides alleviating their woes, by contributing to their necessities? Glowing benevolence! And what, above all, has removed every hindrance, and cheered on the glorious reformation to its present victorious position? The hand of God! The smile of Heaven!

It was formerly argued that Divine Revelation sanctions the use of intoxicating drinks. And this erroneous sentiment was awfully prevalent with both good and bad; notwithstanding it was evident to all, that these liquors were productive of more harm than good; they did more to spread irreligion, vice, and infidelity among men, and to dishonor, and bring into general contempt, pure religion and its holy Author, than any other cause. Who does not see the wicked and demoralizing tendency of the notion? And can we wonder that, under its influence, all Christendom became one extensive scene of revel and debauch? When intemperance stalked abroad by day, and did its work of death by night—when the earth was burdened with distilleries, and literally drenched with whiskey—when rum-stricken humanity cried for help, and the Priest and the Levite, dead to the entreaty, passed by on the other side; then enlightened philanthropy, having caught the true spirit of commiseration from on high, responded to the call; and, rushing into the very jaws of danger, commenced, and has successfully carried on one of the great-

est moral contests that ever was tried between vice and virtue. Truth came to the rescue. All the errors of the drunkard, and arguments of the drunkard-maker, were fully answered and defeated. Facts concerning the evil were gathered from the four winds, and scattered far and wide in every direction. The numerous and powerful arguments and appeals of the indefatigable friends of temperance have been lavished upon the world, and borne on the wings of kindly winds, across the broad bosom of every sea and ocean, as messengers of mercy to all nations. They have thronged the city and the country ; "stage coach and steam boat," the mansion of the rich and cottage of the poor ; shops and stores, lanes, streets, and market-places ; halls of legislation, courts of adjudication, and thrones of administration. Nor has the Hindoo Pagoda, the Jewish Synagogue, and Mosque of the Mussulman escaped their visitations. They have gone from Christian churches to heathen temples, and crowded alike the kingly palace and Indian wigwam.

The fascinating power of beauty is not stronger than the deceitful charm of the meanest liquors in the land. God himself declares that even wine is a mocker. There is witching in its smiles. It smiles to deceive, and deceives to destroy. An ignis fatuus never exhibited a more treacherous light. Like that fatal phantom of the fen, it deceives and leads in-

cautious men astray, over trembling bogs of danger, to some frightful precipice of ruin, from which they fall headlong, and dash upon the craggy rocks of destruction beneath.

As the work of desolation proceeds, the noble attributes of mind share in the calamity. Sympathy fails, the understanding grows dark, and reason vanishes away. The judgment—the will—the conscience grows dull—stupid—hard. Like the convulsive upheavings of a volcano, intermittent fits of passion burst forth in all the hellish rage of madness. At times, the imagination becomes intensely excited; its commotions exhaust the powers of nature; and often life is closed up in a black cloud of horror, or a shock of delirium tremens. The prevalence of this evil has been like the bursting forth of the mountain torrents, which spread overwhelming desolation on every side. Like the huge car of the Hindoo Jugernaut, it has rolled through the land, from Passamaquoddy to Nachitoches; and from the Atlantic shores to the Rocky Mountains; crushing, in its course, multitudes of the very best portions of the community to death. It is the murderous Jugernaut of America, dragged for centuries with the cords of avarice by a band of self-styled patriots, and attended by an endless train of deluded devotees, who, in their carnal eagerness to worship the bloody rival of the living God, have fallen beneath its ponderous

car, and become entangled, and mangled in its massive grating wheels, until the land has been literally crimsoned with human gore, and strewed from end to end with human bones.

This is not all. It has rolled through the world. Need we tell you, that it has led hundreds to commit murder and suicide? that it has unblushingly beggared and famished scores of families? that it has laid waste many whole neighborhoods, and almost annihilated the morals of entire nations? No, no. These things are known and read of all men. And my readers well know, too, that this evil is the nurse of disease—the handmaid of crime—the pest of the world—the enemy of religion—the harlot mother of a thousand abominations; “and the fell agent of carnality, death, and the devil.” To describe it in a word, it is a demon transformed into an angel of light, arrayed in dazzling splendor; bright as the sun shining in its strength, tinging with his glory the clouds of heaven; with a smiling countenance vying in loveliness the face of a cherub, and a tongue making music sweet as the songs of seraphs. Allured by the pleasing illusion, thousands fly to its embrace. But when they are secured in its fearful grasp, it throws off the garb of deception, and the lovely form becomes a terrific monster—the cherub’s smiling countenance is changed into a visage dark as midnight, ghastly as death, and terrible as hell—the ser-

aph's song is turned into sounds harsh as the grating of prison doors, profane as the bacchanalian's midnight cry, alarming as the scream of murder, and mournful as the groan of death.

Think not that this is finishing the picture with colors too bold or too brilliant. If it require a genius to take the lineaments of the human form, to spread over the dull canvass the speaking images of life, how much more requisite his genius, to portray the shattered condition of the world, under the influence of this mortal curse? Faithfulness and accuracy of combination are needful requisitions for successful biography, but to give even a tolerable history of intemperance, it would require a hand more than human—a pen omniferous—a fluid of living light—and a sheet that would make a wrapper for the whole world. Ah! who can describe with language, or illustrate with metaphor, the havoc that intemperance has made among mankind? In executing a descriptive scene of its abominations, methinks that the most acute conceptions of fancy, and the loftiest flights of the imagination, would be inadequate to the task. Could we change the mighty ocean into paint, transform every stick into a brush, make every man an artist, every star a scaffold, and the outstretched, boundless sky a canvass—could we take the dismal clouds for shade, the frightful lightning's awful element for tinge, the midnight darkness for

drapery of gloom—could we use the doleful winds for sighs, the countless drops of rain for tears, the broken music of the howling storm for wails, and shrieks, and cries; the earthquake's violent shock for agonizing pains, and the long, loud, rumbling thunder for piteous, dying groans—and could we, with pious Joshua, command the glowing sun to stand still in the West, and the full blushing moon in the distant East, and there wait, while the laboring artists dashed the amazing horrors of intemperance on the expanded sheet; to delineate all its loathsome, horrible, and everlasting effects, would quite exhaust the ocean, wear out every instrument, tire every artist, and more than fill heaven's immeasurable blue from pole to pole.

But astonishing success have crowned the temperance reform, especially for the last fifteen years. And while improvidence has diminished, we see that domestic comfort, intelligence, and wealth, have rapidly increased. Formerly there occurred frequent cases of delicate females being seriously injured by their brutal husbands, when in a state of intoxication; but now an instance of this kind is comparatively rare. This single fact speaks volumes in favor of the domestic happiness conferred by temperance. There are many who, a few years since, were wretchedly poor, but now are surrounded with all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. That tempe-

rance promotes intelligence, is evident from the improvements made in the systems of education, and the development of their excellency in the present spread and growth of knowledge among all classes. Reasoning upon what will be, from what has been, and now is, we may safely conclude, that the bright dawn of the present day is only the harbinger of one far brighter and more glorious, than any the world has seen since the paradisiacal period. We do not yet witness the entire extent of the boon which the temperance system is capable of conferring. Improvement in health is very visible. Provisions are more plenty and cheap. Accidents are less frequent and less disastrous. Time is more usefully spent, and the aspect of society is wonderfully improved.

We might proceed to prove from the rapid extension of temperance principles, that the intellectual elevation of the people, is keeping pace with their domestic morals, and physical improvement. Indeed, the delightful proofs of the triumph of temperance present a beautiful picture of unparalelled achievements. Temperance now controls the appropriate use of nature's productions; wards off abuse, poverty and suffering, from wives and children; and rules the individual, social, and civil interests of men.

Do not the various temperance societies that have been organized and honorably sustained, owe much of their prosperity to the exertions and influence of



females? The flags of the Martha Washingtonians, have proudly floated upon the salubrious breezes of our happy land. Hundreds, yea, thousands have, through their influence, been snatched from a drunkard's grave. The peace and happiness of families innumerable, have been restored; and we, as a nation, have drank deep from the healing streams of the temperance reform. It has been as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Let it come, wave after wave, and surge after surge, until our country is deluged from East to West, from North to South. And may we not hope that in a few years, it will wash from our nation the foul stain of intemperance, and that the ocean of tears that have been shed in consequence of this demon of destruction may be dried up, and the image of God that has been marred by this foul monster, may again be restored to its primeval beauty.



## AN ADDRESS TO ALCOHOL.

Down, down, dread monster, to the regions of wo,  
The anguish you 've caused me can God only know ;  
Figure nor metaphor, can never describe,  
The hopes you have blighted on every side.

Down, down, dread monster, to the regions of wo ;  
With sorrow and grief my spirits o'erflow.  
Husband and father, and brother and son,  
'The heart of the widow, and orphan have rung.

Down, down, dread monster, to the regions of wo ;  
Your tripple throng scourge o'er thousands you throw ;  
Your fangs they are poison, your fetters are strong,  
Sure of your victim when affection is gone.

Down, down, dread monster, to the regions of wo ;  
Sons of the Temperance cause dig his grave low ;  
Bright shining instrument, in the hands of a God,  
Snatch the inebriate from his wretched abode.

Down, down, dread monster, to the regions of wo ;  
Where your victims have gone, in infamy go.  
Daughters of the Temperance cause, bolt down the door,  
Thou God of the orphan release him no more.



## LOSS OF SIGHT.

Behold the bright Sun in full glory arise,  
Illuming creation and gilding the skies;  
The planets grow paler, and swiftly they fly,  
Till Sol takes possession alone of the sky.

I once did behold the bright glories of morn,  
But my sight now has left me, and ne'er will return;  
I gazed on the beauties that did me surround,  
My heart fill'd with pleasure, knew hope's lightsome bound.

Although I can taste the pure breezes of morn,  
I cannot behold the fair beauties of noon;  
Nor tell when the sun sets at eve in the West,  
But as nature retires in stillness to rest.

My hopes are all blighted, my usefulness past,  
I sigh for the knowledge my night has o'ercast;  
The sphere must be limited in which I can move,  
And I'll seek for that knowledge which comes from above.

My soul, when it's blest with the knowledge of God,  
Oh! then I'll not sigh for a greater reward;  
But blessed with such knowledge to glory I'll rise,  
And gaze on my Saviour with unclouded eyes.



The following poem is descriptive of the dying scene of my mother, who died at Jackson, October 8, 1844. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."

Death, the king terror, came,  
And blighted all my hope ;  
He heeded not my bitter cries,  
My wounded heart was broke.

I clasped my mother in my arms,  
And bade the monster go ;  
He read his high commission through,  
And sternly answered, No.

Ah ! then I gently laid her down,  
And kissed her lips again ;  
Speak, dearest mother, speak, once more,  
But O ! I asked in vain.

My brain was heated with despair,  
And reason left her throne ;  
The anguish that the orphan felt  
Is known to God alone.

When consciousness again returned,  
An awful stillness reigned ;  
Then like a guardian angel kind,  
My sister to me came.

In low pathetic tones she said,  
The Lord of glory reigns ;  
Our loss, indeed, indeed is great,  
Our loss has proved her gain.

Her sainted spirit took its flight  
From this tempestuous shore ;  
No cloud will there deform her sky,  
She 'll weep for us no more.

The golden bowl asunder broke,  
The pitcher burst in twain ;  
Her disembodied spirit woke,  
Amid the heavenly train.

A conqueror's crown she has received  
From her Redeemer's hand,  
And palms of victory now she bears  
In that celestial land.

My sire and sister welcomed her ;  
To that delightful shore ;  
They long have waited there for her,  
But now they 'll wait no more.



**ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER.**

The golden tints of eve were spread,  
Upon the western hills ;  
Transfixed I stood amidst the dead,  
Where all was hushed and still.

The evening's zephyrs seemed afraid  
To float from flower to flower,  
For fear the silence they would break,  
Of that devoted hour.

With cautious steps a blind girl came,  
To seek her mother's grave ;  
With stricken heart she lowly bowed,  
An orphan's boon to crave.

In low, pathetic tones she prayed,  
Thy will, O God, be done ;  
My earthly all is buried here,  
A stranger now I roam.

I 've heard the thunderings of thy law ;  
I feel thy chastening rod ;  
My soul with grief is now o'erwhelmed,  
My Saviour and my God.

Her throbbing bosom then she pressed,  
Close on her mother's grave ;  
All, all is right, Almighty God,  
'Twas Thou the treasure gave.

Mother, thy spirit was not laid  
Beneath this heavy sod ;  
But it was borne by angels bright,  
Up to the throne of God.

There rayless orbs will soon behold  
My mother and my sire ;  
When robed in Christ's own righteousness,  
This mystery I 'll admire.

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**ON THE DEATH OF WM. H. HARRISON,**  
**PRESIDENT OF THE U. STATES.**

Death with a horrid glance appears,  
And cuts the victim down ;  
Blows out the spark of mortal life,  
Spreads grief and anguish round.

The proudest monarch too must go  
And bow at his command,  
And haughty nobles tremble when  
He stretches forth his hand.

The hero oft with terror quakes  
When death, stern monster, comes ;  
He blights the hopes of future years,  
Blows out ambition's sun.

The mourning drapery appeared  
Around our halls of state,  
Where recent stood a nation's pride ;  
Now death has sealed his fate.

The nation stood in pageantry,  
With victory on their tongue ;  
Death with his blighting hand appeared,  
The nation's heart was wrung.

Slowly we chant the requiem  
Around the hero's grave ;  
Columbia's sons their honors pay,  
And plumes of mourning wave.

A hero, and a statesman too  
Wears an immortal crown ;  
From honors quick to glory gone,  
Where treachery ne'er was found.

He, like an eagle soaring high,  
And towering near the sun,  
With motives pure as angels are,  
Can sing, my work is done.

Let honor's kindred spirit wake,  
And yours, ye muses, swell ;  
The blind girl's pen is far too weak,  
The hero's deeds to tell.



## TWILIGHT MUSE—ALL IS CHANGE.

Sol has drove his chariot down  
Below the western hills,  
Where fleecy clouds with golden fringe,  
Hang motionless and still.

The brightest day must yield to night,  
And night must yield to day ;  
The fairest plant of Eden's bloom,  
Was subject to decay.

The rose was first a spotless white,  
When it in Eden grew ;  
But when our parents broke the law,  
It blushed the crimson hue.

The tall gigantic intellects  
That soar on science wing,  
Bathe in intellectual light,  
Their classic changes bring.

This material earth must change,  
With all its lights and shades ;  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
With all their varied grades.

Saints exchange this earth for heaven,  
And still the change goes on ;  
There the immortal mind expands,  
Before the Three in One.

When the emerald gates shall ope,  
To give the ransomed room ;  
There, perpetual knowledge flows,  
From the eternal throne.

### THE EMERALD ISLE.

The moans from the green Isle fall sad on our ear,  
They've crossed the Atlantic, already they are here :  
There, thousands are dying for a pittance of bread ;  
No strength in the living to bury their dead.

The moans from the green Isle fall sad on our ears,  
Our neighbors have friends there ; to them they are dear ;  
Their wages, hard earned—they have sent them all home,  
To their own native Isle where famine now roams.

The moans from the green Isle fall sad on our ear,  
We send them our alms, our prayers and our tears.  
The God of our country has given supplies,  
The wants of the needy we never deny.

O God of the green Isle, unlock the Queen's heart,  
That she from her treasures, to them may impart :  
May her bright-jewelled crown consume on her head,  
If she dare put it on, till the Irish are fed.

O God of the green Isle unlock every heart,  
Till nations shall all to the Irish impart ;  
Then, joy and great gladness shall both on them smile,  
When plenty returns to the Emerald Isle.

## EVENING MUSE.

Jehovah holds the starry frame,  
In his almighty hand ;  
He walks upon the foaming sea  
And rules the solid land.

Omniscient is the Lord of hosts,  
His power we all can see ;  
The planets in their orbits move,  
Fixed by his firm decree.

Fair Cynthia with her silver train,  
In beauty now appears ;  
The bright Aurora flashing high,  
Proclaims that God is near.

The silver stars now sweetly smile,  
From the ethereal poles ;  
From them the music of the spheres,  
In sweetest cadence rolls.

The silent watches of the night,  
His glories do proclaim ;  
And nature stands in deepest awe,  
To bless Jehovah's name.

The Aurora Borealis comes,  
With her mysterious face ;  
She laughs to see proud science strive  
To tell her dwelling place.

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...for a season to his native country  
Rev. Mr. Comstock sent his two children by  
to be educated, and placed beyon  
influence. Mrs. Comstock had her  
house, being too unwell  
parted with them on the



Omniscience : he alone can tell,  
The wonders of her race ;  
He saw the ancient mother come,  
To give the mystery place.

### THE SEASONS.

Behold the king of day appears,  
Robed in his native power ;  
The sable cloud of night falls back,  
Then fades the gloomy hour.

His radiant power can chase the clouds  
That hang o'er winter's skies,  
He makes the stubborn season yield,  
And lay his mantle by.

He kindly opes the golden lids,  
And welcomes vernal spring ;  
On fields and flowers he sweetly smiles,  
And joy and gladness brings.

The golden grain of summer bends  
Beneath his powerful rays ;  
The trees with richest foliage bow,  
And tremble at his gaze.

The autumnal winds, they quickly come,  
And chant their requiems long ;  
Their eyes, less brilliant, oft are closed,  
And whisper, summer's gone.

Complete indeed, the seasons blend,  
And picture out our fate ;  
Our race on earth will soon be run,  
And fixed will be our state.

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### ON SPRING.

Welcome spring, thou hast returned,  
But who unlocked old winter's urn ?  
Who broke the icy chains that bound,  
And made the streams flow nimbly down.

The winter frosts have taken leave,  
For them I'm sure I cannot grieve ;  
Few are the charms the pale face brings ;  
I fondly love the vernal spring.

Those winds, that shook the giant oak,  
Of power and fierceness now seem broke ;  
The balmy breeze now softly blows,  
And stoops to kiss the budding rose.

How mild and placid is the sky,  
I wish that spring might never die ;  
Its life I would perpetuate,  
And of its gentleness partake.

A carpet soon of richest green,  
On every meadow will be seen ;  
Like diamonds then appears the dew ;  
And fragrant flowers of various hue.

The birds that warble on the spray,  
With songs now hail the breaking day ;  
Their notes of joy now sweetly sing,  
And usher in the new born spring.

Bleak winter has no charms for me,  
The fields and flowers I cannot see ;  
I hear the busy hum of spring,  
I hear the woodland songsters sing.

Spring is not spring to me I say,  
Until the sparkling fountains play :  
On spring I oft with rapture dwell,  
While music fills the woodland dell.

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## STEAM BOAT CANADA.

DEDICATED TO CAPT. VAN ALLEN.

Britannia's floating palace sails  
O'er Erie's crested waves,  
Whose bright blue waters oft reflect  
The sunbeam's brilliant rays.

She gently moves to break the spray,  
And turns the surge aside ;  
She sits as on her rightful throne—  
In majesty she rides.